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The Demagogue

by D R Locke

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. MASON GOES ONWARD AND WITHOUT INTERRUPTION; AND WHY?

BUT to write an account of Mr. Mason's campaign would be to put on paper a hundred such incidents as those we have recorded. Suffice it to say that, to the surprise of his friends, and to the infinite disgust of his enemies, political and personal, he was elected by a most triumphant majority. His labor had its effect, and his judgment was justified.

Another very curious thing about it was that Mr. Gleason had not only opposed him, but had given him a cordial support, which surprised everybody, except Mason and Gleason themselves. It was clear to Gleason why he did it, and partially so to Mason. Mr. Mason knew this much—that Gleason was ambitious, and wanted the seat in the legislature which he had vacated, and to get it needed the support of Mr. Mason and his all-powerful friends. At the first intimation Gleason made of his desire, Mason was disposed to be ugly and oppose him; but Gleason gave him such excellent reasons for changing his mind that he did it very gracefully, and not only gave him his support, but did it so effectually that Gleason distanced his competitors.

Mr. Gleason did not show his whole hand. He only exhibited enough of it to accomplish what he desired. He did intimate that an expose of Mr. Harvey's management of the county treasury might be awkward, and that a decided effort to push the accounts of the Dunlap estate

"BUT THE MURDER?"

might be inconvenient to Mason. He did not tell him that he had not succeeded as yet in piecing together the contents of the waste-basket, and that many more months would probably be required to perfect that wonderful piece of work.

But the reasons he gave were ample, as the result proved. Mason saw enough in what had been held out to him; he yielded the point with apparent grace, and gave Mr. Gleason hearty and effective support.

"D——n him!" said Mason to himself, "if I could only find out how much he knows, I should feel more secure. But how much does he know?"

Gleason, on the other hand, chuckled. He was an astute man, with but little sentiment in his composition—or, rather, he made his sentiment subservient to his interest.

"I am not ready for Mason yet, and why should I not make use of him to set up the ladder as close behind him as I can? Why should I stay at the foot, when I can make mine enemy pull me up to within easy reach of him when the time comes to throw him down? I do not the less hold the thunderbolts because I have shown him one of them, or because he does not know of the others. I will use you, Mr. Mason, till my time comes to destroy you. I may put off the day as long as I can in order to make you useful. But I shall be at your throat when my time comes, all the same!"

Dr. Blanchard and Sarah Dunlap were indignant at this delay. They wanted Mason attacked before his election, that his election might be prevented—they wanted the punishment of their despoiler begun at once. But Gleason was firm.

"I have not got my patch-work far enough along. We are not ready yet to show anything."

"But the murder!" ejaculated Blanchard.

"Can you prove anything of that now?" was Gleason's reply. "Just now he is the idol of the people, and unless you have proof positive it will be taken as an attempt to injure a public man—as a device of his political enemies to strike down a champion."

"When shall I bring it out?"

"When I make it the interest of enough people to believe it, whether there is any truth in it or it. Then the story will get all the credit it deserves, and more, too. The original statement will be believed and added to. Besides, my dear doctor, let him climb. The higher he gets the further will he fall. When he falls, we want his neck broken."

Mr. Gleason had his way, as he always did, and both the parties at interest accepted his ideas. They could do nothing without him—he was the mainspring of their action in the matter.

So Caleb Mason was elected to Congress, by Gleason's consent and aid. Gleason's assistance to Mason was very largely negative, while Mason's to Gleason was active and positive.

Once in Congress it was Mason's effort to so entrench himself that he could hold the seat till he was certain of his promotion to a higher place. For a higher place he had determined upon. Political ambition, more than any other, is never satisfied; and Mason had no more idea of stopping in the House of Representatives than he had the day he proposed to go to the Legislature.

In Congress he made himself the most pronounced radical in the body, and therein he showed his wisdom. In his campaign he had indoctrinated his constituents very successfully. They were a generous people, who only needed awakening on the question then prominent to become exceedingly enthusiastic; and he had taken pains to lead them a little further in that direction than he had intended to go himself. It made his way clear and easy in Congress, and it secured him in their affections at home. Whoever should contest the seat with him would do it inevitably by insisting that he was too radical, which statement would be taken as an insult by every one of his supporters.

But it was not with principles alone that he dealt. He knew the importance of little things on little minds. The ponderous public documents, which no one ever reads, were showered on his district like rain in April. And he did not content himself with that. He would send the report of the Treasury department on imports and exports to a plain old farmer, who could just manage to spell through his county paper, and who was as capable of understanding imports as he was of learning the Greek alphabet, and write him the following note:

WASHINGTON, June 21, 1861.

MY DEAR BARKER:—Knowing the interest you take in everything pertaining to the commercial matters of our common country, I take pleasure in sending you a report of the Treasury department, which shows the imports and exports of the preceding year. You will be most interested, I think, in the statement, beginning at page 567, and continuing to page 1,462, showing the comparative exports of tallow from the principal countries of the world for many years. In these pages there is food for reflection, I should be pleased to have your opinion on it. I need the best thoughts and opinions of my constituents, for there are many difficult questions arising which, alone, I feel ill capable of coping with. With great respect, I am as ever, truly your friend. CALEB MASON.

Poor old Barker would worry through a thousand pages of figures without being able to make anything out of them; but nevertheless, his Representative had thought of him, and he was ready to respond to the man who would say a disrespectful word concerning him.

To another he would write thus:

MY OLD FRIEND DAVIS:

The Commissioner of Agriculture requested me to give him the name of some thoroughly intelligent farmer, that he might send him some seeds, the value of which are in doubt, with a view of determining the same. Will you plant the seeds, and carefully note results, which send to me, that I may have the same incorporated in the Agricultural report? If the variety is better than the native, it should be largely sown.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Davis, and is your little Frankie better of his white swelling?

Truly your friend, CALEB MASON.

What could Davis think of the man who had given his name as one possessing all the qualities set down in the inquiries of the Commissioner of Agriculture? And what could Mrs. Davis think of the man who not only sent his regards, but his kindest regards, to her, and also remembered that her little boy had a white swelling? Ala-! She did not know that the seeds were such as any Congressman could then get by the bushel for the asking, and that the inquiries of the Commissioner were myths; and also that in a memorandum book, which Mr. Mason made when he was canvassing, was this entry:

Davis, Wm.—Fidelity P. O.—Good farm. Durham stock—seeds—Ag. Dep.—Boy Frankie, white swelling on left leg.

And so zealous was he in the matter of seeds, that, having exhausted his own allowance, he begged all he could of his brother Representatives, who were too lazy to take care of themselves; and then he bought oats and wheat by the bushel, and sent it out as grain which the Commissioner of Agriculture desired tested. He neglected not a man in his district except a few incorrigible Democrats, and such of his friends as would hold to him through principle or interest anyhow. He was wise in his day and generation, was Mr. Mason. He didn't waste time or money on those who were his in any event. It was the doubtful ones whom he bought up by remembrance, and the lake-warm that he stirred into zeal by attention.

He it was who, through some of the wheat that was badly cleaned, introduced more varieties of weeds into the district than they knew existed. To him they owe the Canada thistle, which afflicts them to this day.

But the seed plan was the smallest of his little operations for keeping his constituents in mind of him. He always came home during the holiday vacation, to stay a week or so, as he was wont to say, "with his constituents, and in the bosom of his family." The "bosom of his family" saw but little of him, however; for the time was the busiest he had. He was to return on Monday, the 14th. The week before his return he received from Cincinnati, by express, a package, which, when opened, proved to be lithographed letters—two hundred of them, an exact fac-simile of his handwriting—so exact, in fact, that only an expert could have detected the difference. They read thus:

PULASKI, Jan. 9, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—On Monday next I return to Washington to resume my duties as your Representative in our national councils. There are many questions which will come up after the holidays, some of the most important, indeed, being before the committees on which I have been placed. These questions are so grave and important, that I really shrink from grappling with them till I have had the counsel of those in my district whom I trust as my friends, and upon whose judgment and patriotism I feel that I may rely. I have, therefore, invited a few of the leading Republicans of the district to meet at my house, Friday night, the 11th, for consultation, and I hope this will not be amiss) dinner. Will you come? Don't disappoint me, for I count upon you.

Truly yours, CALEB MASON.

"In the name of heaven, Mr. Mason," ex-

"TWO HUNDRED, MY DEAR."

claimed the wife of his bosom, "how many of them have you?"

"Two hundred, my dear."

"And how many do you propose to send out?"

"All of them, my darling."

"Why, we can't have two hundred of those stog-toted farmers in our house at once! It is impossible! Why, you might as well call a mass meeting in my parlors, and be done with it!"

"My dear," replied Mr. Mason, filling in the names as fast as he could write, "many are called, but few come.' Isn't that the text? No? Well, never mind, I am a little rusty. You will get dinner for twenty; only twenty will be here. I shall send out two hundred invitations, but only twenty will be here. You can get up a cheap dinner for twenty, I hope."

"If you invite two hundred, every man of them will be here. Why not?"

"Because, my dear, somehow the invitations will not reach one hundred and eighty of them till the day after. The twenty names marked with a cross are those that will go into the mail to-day. They will reach the parties to whom they are addressed. The other one hundred and eighty will be mailed too late for to-day's mail, by some oversight of my secretary——"

"What secretary?"

"The one the people suppose I keep, and on whose shoulders all the blame for the miscarriages rest. By this oversight they will not get them till Saturday, and I shall be so disappointed! Rest easy, love, and get up a cheap, showy dinner for twenty. And dear, be sure to have oysters in plenty. Have them stewed, fried, scalloped and raw—and if there is any other way of cooking them have them that way. Have them in the gravy for the roast—have them everywhere! Buy five kegs of the cheapest brand, but have enough. If there is anything that savors of earthly grandeur to a Sixth district farmer it is oysters. Whatever else is omitted, don't forget oysters!"

The invitations were sent, and on the night the twenty were there.

They were excellent, good men in their way—and their way was a good one—all in black coats, the fashion of five years prior to that time, with creases in them which showed very distinctly that they were used only on state occasions, and with black satin vests, striped pantaloons and shirts painfully gotten up.

They demolished the supper, and Mrs. Mason talked charmingly to every one of them. They discussed the weather, the crops, the prevailing fever, everything that could be imagined, and went to the tavern at 12 o'clock at night, full of oysters and Mason's whisky—it was some of a very cheap brand that he bought for the occasion, though he intimated that he had it as a present from a brother Congressman in Kentucky—and every man went to bed feeling that all the questions of public policy had been that night settled, though not a word of politics had been spoken from beginning to end.

When Noakes, of Albion, met Stoakes on Sunday morning at church, the following conversation would ensue:

"Wuar d'je go Friday, Noakes? Ye wuzn't to home."

"Wall, now, ye see Cale Mason hed a leetle consultashun Friday night, and he wanted me, and I went. We had a good time—splendid supper—isters and everything till ye coodn't rest, and we fixed up everything snug. Cale's a great man, and a honor to the deestrik."

"Just what I s'posed. If I ned a invite thar myself, but it didn't come till yisterday mornin', and it wuz too late. I wish I'd got it sooner! Isters, did ye say? Well!"

Noakes was delighted that he was there—Stoakes pleased, to say the least, that he had been invited, but sorrowing that the invitation had come so late that he missed saying the state, and—isters.

But he loved Caleb Mason all the same, the more when he met him and Mason told him that he had heard of the miscarriage of his invitations, and had investigated the matter, and in his rage had discharged the secretary through whose carelessness it had occurred.

So Mr. Mason got through his first term tolerably well, and might consider himself fairly on the road for the second.

But difficulties began to beset his path. The new-born Republican party, that was a wailing infant in the wilderness of politics when he had picked it up, had grown almost in a day into a giant. It had grown so rapidly that it had taken up in its arms, simply because they were strong, it, an enormous number of very small men, who were themselves as astonished at their elevation as were the people, seeing that they had done nothing whatever to deserve it. And the enormous shadow it cast killed a very large number of respectable men, who found it very like an upas to them.

Now that the party had got to be so strong and so powerful, as a matter of course it had no lack of recruits. Mason had gone into the forest of Democracy and chopped and burned and grubbed, until he had made a decent Republican field of it. Now there were plenty of great small men who had been thrown aside, and insisted not only upon occupancy, but upon taking the very best places.

It did not surprise Mr. Mason at all, to hear that a half dozen were actually laying the wires to usurp his place. And he smiled a smile of derision.

But he had no reason to smile or to despise such suggestions; and to do him justice, when he discovered their strength and their determination, he did not smile, but he did what was more dangerous to them—he gritted his teeth, and pulled his thin lips down over them tightly, and set to work. He could not afford to be beaten at the beginning of his career.

He made a body-guard of the best friends a man could possess, but in making them he offended a very large number of the best Republicans of the district.

This is about how it stood:

The Harvey family had lost much of its strength, for in some way rumors had got abroad concerning frauds in the county treasury. These rumors were the more dangerous because there were no explicit charges to meet and to disprove. Only it was in the air that there was something rotten in that particular Denmark.

There was a very large body of very respectable men who saw that Mr. Mason proposed, as they termed it, "to run the district"—that is, to keep himself in place—and they were anxious to kill him at the beginning.

There were a hundred or more who wanted Mr. Mason's place themselves, and who knew they could never get it so long as he maintained his present popularity and desired it, for Mason had proved himself his ambition with marvelous accuracy.

There were the Toms, Dicks and Harrys who always bark at the heels of successful men, and who hated Mason because he had been successful.

Th re were the actual conservatives, who honestly believed that he was too radical.

Contra:

He had th radical element of the party completely attached to him.

He had every office-holder in the district.

The radicals were the rank and file of the party, and the office-holders were captains and sergeants; and they had the great body splendidly drilled, and in shape to do any work that might be wanted.

His enemies in the party consulted long and earnestly as to how to get rid of him, —how to beat him for the re-nomination.

The Democracy were in hopeless minority in the district; so all they could hope to do was to so throw their strength as to make mischief in the Republican ranks.

Their leaders had told the leaders of the disaffected—that is, the anti-Mason people —that if they would split the nominating convention, and bring out an independent Republican candidate, they would throw the whole Democratic strength to him, and by the combination succeed. In order to kill so ardent and skilful a Republican as Mason, they would not nominate a Democratic candidate at all.

This was precisely what the principal men in the opposition to Mason desired, and the bargain was closed. The next question was, what anti-Mason Republican should be selected as the candidate.

Twenty of the leaders met secretly to decide this point, our friend Starkweather being one of them. They all insisted that the salvation of the country depended upon beating Mason, and that all personal preferences should be thrown aside, and that only only one thing should be considered, viz: the man who could control the most Republican votes against Mason. Who was he?

There was a singular reluctance to propose names, a very ominous reluctance, which some of them did not like. Finally one arose and remarked that perhaps a ballot might be the best thing to indicate the preferences, and to that end he would suggest that each gentleman present write the name of the man of his choice, and deposit it in the hat. This was acceded to, Col. Starkweather smiling a grim smile.

When the ballots were taken out it was discovered that each one of the twenty present had just one vote, and the hand-writing betrayed the awkward fact that each one had voted for himself.

There was the silence of a minute in the assembly. A sort of shame-faced expression marked each countenance, which was broken by the chairman remarking that each gentleman present was very unanimous—which in turn was followed by a loud, though somewhat forced laugh, in which they all joined. To laugh was the easiest way out of the embarrassing position they had got into.

After much wrangling, a well known and wealthy, as well as respected, Republican named Stevens, was decided upon as the proper person to bear aloft the independent Republican banner, and immediately the work was commenced to put him in nomination. By the way, the full report of the interview was made by Major Starkweather to Mr. Mason that night.

The plan was to beat Mason for the nomination, if possible, and make Stevens the regular nominee—if not, to bolt Mason's nomination, and run Stevens as an independent candidate.

The day of the convention was fixed by the central committee, and a week thereafter the Stevens faction discovered that Mason had four-fifths of the delegates pledged to him. His discipline had done the work before the volunteer soldiers had got ready to take the field. So they decided not to go into the convention at all, but to call another, and, to justify that, they issued an address which set forth that the convention called by the committee had been called so early as to preclude the possibility of a fair expression of the people; that it had been so arranged with a view to packing it in the interests of one man, instead of giving the malcontents an opportunity to pack it in the interest of another (though they did not say this); and they closed by inviting the independent Republicans of the district to meet in convention at a later day.

Both conventions were held—the first nominated Mason by acclamation, and the second nominated Stevens in the same way.

Consequently there were two Republican candidates in the field, and no Democratic one.

Mason saw that he had a fight before him, and he braced his nerves for the conflict. He was the strongest and most determined when most seriously opposed. To fail now would be to fail forever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Poetry.

A NIGHT RIDE.

(LAKE BAIKAL, EASTERN SIBERIA)

THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE winter threw its fleecy snows around us
On cold Siberia's plain;
And winds from Arctic's icy climes had found us
Crossing their wide domain.

We reached the lake's low bank; our halt completed
We sought the other shore,
And anxiously our Cossack guide entreated
To take us safely o'er.

The frozen waters stretched away before us,
Spread like a silent sea,
Our Tartar steeds with fiery vigor bore us
Fast as the deer can flee.

And while they galloped o'er that inland ocean,
The night-cloud ope'd above;
With flashing beams each star appeared in motion
Like eyes that glow with love.

Reflected 'neath us in that boundless mirror
The spangled dome was spread.
It gave again, with not a single error,
The twinkling gems o'erhead.

And while we watched the stars, whose rays were beaming
Through all that depth below,
The rising moon, with silver light, came streaming
Beyond the Eastern snow.

The skies were spread, around, above, below us
The world was left behind,
And Eastern light seemed shining out to show us
Where Faith and Hope are shrined.

Among the burning, starry clusters flying,
Breathless we held our way.
Forgetting earth; but soon we saw, half sighing,
The gleam of breaking day.

And back to earth the sounding hoof-beats brought us,
And Cossack driver's yell.
And morning winds on frost-blanched faces caught us
And broke that wondrous spell.

TO AN OLD DRESS-COAT.

Old coat, farewell! it must be so;
The best of friends have parted,
Decrepit, ragged, you must go,
Look! how your seams have started.

'Twas in my nineteenth year I sought,
One bright day in September,
The tailor's shop where you were wrought;
Ah! well do I remember.

Long years have gone by since that day
When you and I were fitted,
With you my evenings have been gay,
My griefs have been omitted.

Upon your shiny silk lapel
How many heads have rested!
Old coat, 'tis you alone can tell
How this poor heart's been tested.

And you were with me that night when
By foolish love directed
I tempted fate. As I was then
So you are now—rejected.

—*Tom Masson.*

LITTLE PLEASANTRIES.

"If I were an oyster," sighed the crab,
"I wouldn't know what to do.
For they're most always being embroiled,
Or getting into a stew."

"Mister Officer, I'm the absconding St. Louis cashier who got away with $360,000, and I want to give myself up."

"Great heavens! What for?"

"If I escape the Chicago papers will print portraits of me. I'd rather serve a term than die of shame."

Hides are now tanned by electricity, and the small boy yearns a yearn for glass breeches.

Chicago should bear in mind that New York is courageous. None but the brave deserve the—

"Who threw that brick?"

"Won't you come into my parlor?"
Was the spider's cordial cry.
"No, I thank you," said his hearer,
"Don't you see I, too, am fly."

"Good morning, madam——"
"We don't want sewin' machines."
"No?"
"Nor no patent clo'es wringer——"
"Indeed?"
"An' we got two gran' planners an' a cubunet orgind."
"Yes?"
"An' ev'ry room hez a clockt an' allonus has watchis."
"How about pictures?"
"Kain't sell us none o' them, neither, stranger. They ain't a wall in the house ye kin see for th' rafts o' oil paintin's hung on 'em."
"I suppose you have a dog?"
"Yer a shoutin'! Pap hez more'n forty an' all bloodid."
"How about carriages?"
"Barn's full on 'em. An' we don't buy no hosses on this ranch."
"Good morning, madam."
"Mornin'—say, tenderfut, who bees ye, enyhow?"
"I'm the tax assessor."

Kerosene must weigh little. That's what makes the lamp light.

Rapid eating causes flesh. Girls are again reminded that haste makes waist.

Do you redden when you have a bobtail flush?

Turn about is fair play. Mail bags in a Texan coach were recently rifled by road agents. The next day the road agents were rifled by deputy sheriffs.

AT THE PLAY.

He was handsome and debonair,
At his side sat his lady fair,
But he went out to get some air.
Between the acts.

The maiden's glances 'gin to rove
In the absence of her dear love,
Then he returns and smells of clove,
Between the acts.

The maiden soon begins to scold
At his actions too free and bold,
Corydon tries his breath to hold,
Between the acts.

"No gentlemen," she did declare,
"Would do such actions; quite unfair ——"
But he got up and left her there
Between the acts.

* * * * * * *

They're married now. When he goes out
There is no more an angry pout.
He does not know what she's about
Between the acts.

—*New York Herald.*

Reversing the Natural Order.

There is a woman in this town who can shoot with a revolver a distance of ten paces and hit an egg five times in ten—*Amesbury Daily.*

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER III.

HORNECHT, captain of the bowmen, had by this time joined company with the prophet. He was indeed in his confidence, for the lawyer likewise was one of the men of high rank who had conspired to overthrow the reigning Pharaoh.

As they approached the ruined dwelling of Nun, the priest pointed to the heap of destruction and said: "The man to whom this once belonged is the only Hebrew I fain would spare. He was a man of worth, and his son Joshua——"

"He will be true to us," interrupted the captain. "Few better men serve in the ranks of Pharaoh's armies, and," he added, in a lower voice, "I count on him in the day of deliverance."

"Of that we will speak before fewer witnesses," replied the other. "But I owe him a special debt of gratitude. During the Libyan war—you know of it—I was betrayed into the hands of the enemy, and Joshua, with his handful of men, cut me a way of escape from the wild robbers." Then, dropping his voice, he went on in his didactic manner, as though he were making excuse for the mischief before them. "Such is life here below! When a whole race of men incurs punishment, the evil falls on the guiltless with the guilty. Not even the gods can in such a case divide the individual from the mob; the visitation falls even on the innocent beasts. Look at that flock of pigeons hovering over the ruins; they seek the dovecote in vain. And that cat with her kittens! Go, Bekie, and rescue them; it is our duty to preserve the sacred animals from starving to death."

And this man, who had contemplated the destruction of so many of his fellow-creatures with barbarous joy, took the kindly care of the unreasoning brutes so much to heart that he made the bearers stop, and looked on while his servants caught the cats. But this was not so quickly done as he had hoped, for the mother fled into the nearest cellar opening, and the gap was so narrow as to prevent the men from following her. However, the youngest of them all, a slim Nubian, undertook to fetch her out; but he hardly looked down into the opening when he started back and cried to his lord:

"A human being is lying there, and seems to be yet alive. Yes, he beckons with his hand. It is a boy or a youth, and certainly not a slave. His hair is long and curly, and on his arm—for a sunbeam falls straight in—I can see a broad gold band."

"One of the family of Nun, perhaps, who has been forgotten," said the warrior, and Bale eagerly added: "It is the guidance of the gods! The sacred beasts have led me to the spot where I may do a service to the man to whom I owe so much. Try to make your way in, Bekie, and fetch the youth out."

The Nubian, meanwhile, had moved away a stone, which, in its fall, had partly closed the entrance, and in a short while he held up to his comrades a motionless young form, which they lifted out into the open air and carried to a well. There they soon brought him back to life with the cool water.

As he recovered consciousness he rubbed his eyes, looked about him in bewilderment as though he knew not where he was, and then his head fell on his breast as if overcome by grief and horror, and it could be seen that at the back of his head the hair was matted with dark patches of dried blood.

By the prophet's care the wound, which was deep, from a stone which had fallen on the lad, was washed at the well, and when it was bound up he bid him get into his own litter, which was screened from the sun.

The youth had arrived before sunrise, after a long walk by night from Pithom, called by the Hebrews Succoth, to bring a message to his grandfather, Nun, but finding the place deserted he had lain down in one of the empty rooms to rest awhile. Awaking at the uproar of the infuriated Egyptians, and hearing the curses on his race, which rang out on every side, he had fled to the cellar, and the falling roof, although he had been hurt, had proved his salvation, for the clouds of dust, which had hidden everything as it crushed down, had concealed him from the sight of the plunderers.

The priest gazed at him attentively, and though the youth was unwashed and pale, with a blood-stained bandage round his head, he could see that the sitting he had grown lank on the verge of manhood. Full of eager sympathy, he mollified the stern gravity of his eye, and questioned him kindly as to whence he came and what had brought him to Tanis, for it was impossible to tell from the youth's features even of what nation he might be. He might easily have passed himself off as an Egyptian, but he quite frankly owned that he was the grandson of Nun. He was 18 years of age, his name was Ephraim, like his ancestor, the son of Joseph, and he had come to see his grandfather. And he spoke with an accent of steadfast self-respect and joy in his illustrious descent.

When asked whether he had been the bearer of a message he did not forthwith reply, but after collecting his thoughts he looked fearlessly into the prophet's face and answered frankly:

"Be you who you may, I have been taught to speak the truth. You shall know, then, that I have another kinsman dwelling in Tanis—Joshua, the son of Nun, who is a captain in Pharaoh's army, and I have a message for him."

"And you shall know," replied the priest, "that it was for the sake of that very Joshua that I lingered here and bid my servants rescue you alive from that ruined house. I owe him thanks, and although the greater number of your nation have done deeds worthy of the heaviest punishment, yet for his noble sake you shall dwell among us free and unharmed."

On this the boy looked up at the priest with a flash of eager pride; but before he could speak Bale went on with encouraging friendliness:

"I read in your eyes, my boy, if I am not mistaken, that you are come to seek service under your Uncle Joshua in Pharaoh's army. Your stature should make you skilful in handling weapons, and you certainly cannot lack for daring."

A smile of flattered vanity lighted up Ephraim's face, and, turning the broad gold bangle in his arm, perhaps unconsciously, he eagerly replied:

"I am brave, my lord, and have proved it often in the hunting-field. But at home there are cattle and sheep in abundance, which I already call my own, and it seems to me a better lot to wander free and rule the shepherds than to do what others bid me."

"So, so," replied the priest. "Well, Joshua perhaps will bring you to another and a better mind. To rule! a noble goal indeed for a youth! The pity is that we who have reached it are but servants, the more heavily burdened in proportion to the greater number of those who obey us. You understand me, Captain; and you, boy, will understand me later, when you have become such a palm tree as your sapling growth promises. But time presses. Who sent you hither to Joshua?"

The youth again looked down and hesitated, but when the prophet had broken in on his silence by saying, "And that candor which you have been taught?" he replied, firmly and decidedly, "I came to do pleasure to a woman whom you know not. Let that suffice."

"A woman!" echoed the prophet, and he cast an inquiring glance at Hornecht. "When a valiant warrior and a fair woman seek each other the hathors are wont to intervene and use the binding* cords, but it ill beseems a minister of the divinity to play spectator to such doings, so I inquire no further. Take this boy under your protection, captain, and help him to carry his errand to Joshua. The only question is whether he is yet returned."

"No," replied the soldier, "but this very day he and ten thousand men are expected at the armory."

"Then may the hathors who favor love messages bring these two to a meeting no later than to-morrow!" cried the priest. But the youth broke in indignantly: "I bear no love message from one to the other!"

And the priest, who was well pleased by his boldness, replied gayly: "I had forgotten that I am speaking to a shepherd-prince." Then he added more gravely: "When you shall have found Joshua give him greeting from me, and say to him that Bale, the second prophet of Amon, whom he saved from the hand of the Libyans, believes that he is paying some part of his debt by extending a protecting hand over you, his nephew. You, bold youth, know not, perhaps, that you were in other and greater danger than that from your wound. The furious Egyptians would no more have spared your life than would the choking dust and falling houses. Bear that in mind, and tell Joshua, moreover, from me, Bale, that I am sure that as soon as he sees with his own eyes the misery wrought on the house of Pharaoh, to which he has sworn allegiance, and with it, on this city and on the whole land, by the magic arts of one of your race, he will cut himself off in horror from those cowards. For they have basely fled, after slaying the best and dearest among those whom they have dwelt in peace, whose protection they have enjoyed, and who for long years have given them work and fed them abundantly. If I know him at all, as an honest man he will turn his back on those who have sinned thus. And you may tell him likewise that the Hebrew officers and fighting men under the captainship of Aarsu, the Syrian, have already done so of their own free will. This day—and Joshua will have heard the tidings from others—they offered sacrifice, not only to their own gods, Baal and Set, whom you too, many of your race, do serve before the vile magician Mesu, led you astray, but also to Father Amon and the sacred nine of our eternal gods. And if he do likewise, he and I, hand in hand, will rise to great power—of that he may be assured—and he is worthy of it. The rest of the debt of gratitude I owe him I will fain pay out means of paying, which as yet must remain undiscovered. But you may promise your uncle from me that I will take care of Nun, his worthy father, when the vengeance of the gods and the Pharaoh overtake the other men of your nation. Already—tell him this likewise—is the sword set, and judgment without mercy shall be done on them. Tell him to ask himself what can fugitive shepherds do against the might of that army of which he himself is one of the captains? Is your father yet alive, my son?"

"No; he was borne out long since," replied Ephraim in a broken voice.

Was it that the fever of his wound was too much for him? That the disgrace of belonging to a race who could do such shameful deeds overpowered his young soul? Or was the youth true to his people, and was it wrath and indignation that made his cheek turn pale, then red, and stirred up such turmoil in his soul that he could hardly speak? No matter. It was clear that he was no fit bearer of this message to his uncle, and the priest signed to the captain to come with him under the shade of a broad sycamore tree. The Hebrew must at any rate be retained with the army; he laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, saying: "You know that it was my wife who won you over to the great scheme. She serves it better and with greater zeal than many a man, and while I admire your daughter's beauty she is full of praises of her winning charm."

"And Kasana is to join the conspiracy?" exclaimed the soldier in displeasure.

"Not as active partner, like my wife—of course not."

"She would hardly serve that end," replied the other in a calmer tone, "for she is like a child."

"And yet she may win over to our cause a man whose good will appears to me to be inestimable."

"You mean Joshua?" asked Hornecht, and again the brow grew black, while the prophet went on:

"And if I do? Is he not a noble Hebrew, and can you think it unworthy of the daughter of a warrior of valor to give her hand to the man who, if our undertaking prospers, will act as chief captain over all the troops of the land?"

"No, my lord," cried the archer. "But one of the causes of my wrath against Pharaoh, and of my taking part with Siptah, is that his mother was not of our nation, while Egyptian blood flows in Siptah's veins. Now, the mother determines a man's race, and Joshua's mother was a Hebrew woman. I call him my friend; I know how to value his merits; Kasana is well inclined to him——"

"And yet you desire a greater son-in-law?" interrupted Bale. "How can our difficult enterprise prosper if those who risk their lives in it think the very first sacrifice too great? And your daughter, you say, is inclined to Joshua?"

"She was, yes, truly," the soldier put in. "Yes, her heart longed after him. But I brought her to obedience; she became the wife of another; and now that she is a widow shall I be the one to offer her to him whom I compelled her to give up—the gods alone know how hardly? When was the like ever heard of in Egypt?"

"Whenever the men and women by the Nile have so far mastered themselves as to submit to necessity in opposition to their own wishes, for the sake a great cause," replied the priest. "Think of these things. We shall meet again this evening—you know where. Meanwhile will you give hospitality to Joshua's nephew and bespeak your friend's daughter's care, for he seems to need it sorely?"

In fact, hunger, thirst, loss of blood and a long struggle against suffocation had broken Ephraim's youthful strength. On the skirts of the necropolis, where litters stood awaiting the convenience of visitors, he was placed in one by himself and carried to his destination.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was mourning in the house of Hornecht, as in every house in the city. The men had shaved their heads, and the women had strewn dust on their foreheads. The captain's wife was long since dead, but his daughter and her women met him with waving veils and loud wailing, for their lord's brother-in-law was bereft both of his first-born son and of his grandson; and in how many houses of their circle of friends had the plague claimed its victims!

However, the fainting youth demanded all the women's care; he was washed and the deep wound in his head was freshly bound up; strong wine and food were set before him, and then, refreshed and strengthened, he followed at the bidding of his host's daughter.

The dust-stained and exhausted lad now stood revealed as a handsome young fellow. His scented hair flowed in long, waving locks from beneath the clean, white bandage, and his elastic, sunburnt limbs were covered by Egyptian garments em-

broidered with gold, out of the wardrobe of the captain's deceased son-in-law.

He seemed pleased to see himself in the handsome raiment, from which there proceeded a fragrance of spikenard new to his experience, for his black eyes brightly lighted up his well-cut features.

It was long since the captain's daughter had seen a better-favored youth, and she herself was full of great and lovely charms. After a brief married life with the man she had never loved Kasana within a year had come back a widow to her father's house, where there was now no mistress, and the great wealth of which she had become possessed by her husband's death enabled her to bring into the warrior's modest home the splendor and luxury which to her had become a necessity.

The father, who in many a contest had proved himself a man of violent temper, now yielded to her in all things. In past time he had ruthlessly asserted his own, and forced her at the age of 15 into a marriage with a man much older than herself. This he had done because he had observed that Kasana's young heart was set on Joshua, the man of war, and he deemed it beneath him to accept the Hebrew, who at that time held no place of honor in the army, as a son-in-law. An Egyptian could but obey her father without demur when he chose her a husband, and so Kasana had submitted, though during the period of her betrothal she had so many bitter tears that the archer-captain was glad indeed when she had done his bidding and given her hand to the husband of his choice.

But even in her widowhood his daughter's heart clung to the Hebrew; for when the army was in the field she never ceased to be anxious, and spent her days and nights in troubled unrest. When tidings came from the front she asked only concerning Joshua, and it was to her love for him that Hornecht, with deep vexation, ascribed her repeated rejection of suitor after suitor. As a widow she had a right to dispose of her hand, and this gentle, yielding young creature would amaze her father by the abrupt decisiveness with which she made her independence felt, not alone to him and her suitors, but likewise to Prince Siptah, whose cause her father had made his own.

This day Kasana expressed her satisfaction at Joshua's home-coming so frankly and unreservedly that the hot-tempered man hastened out of the house lest he should be led into some ill considered act or speech. He left the care of their young guest to his daughter and her faithful nurse; and how delightful to the lad's sensitive soul was the effect of the warrior's home, with its lofty, airy rooms, open colonnades and bright and richly-colored paintings; its artistic vessels and ornaments, soft couches and all-pervading fragrance. All this was new and strange to the son of a pastoral patriarch, accustomed to live within the bare, gray walls of a spacious but perfectly graceless farm dwelling; or, for months at a time, in canvas tents amid flocks and shepherds, and more often in the open air than under a roof or shelter. He felt as though by enchantment he had been transported to some higher and more desirable world, and as though he became it well in his splendid garb, with his oiled and perfumed curls and freshly-bathed limbs. Life, indeed, was everywhere fair, even out in the fields among the herds or in the cool of the evening round the fire in front of the tent, where the shepherds sang songs, and the hunters told tales of adventure, while the stars shone brightly overhead. But hard and hated labor had first to be done. Here it was a joy merely to gaze and breathe, and when presently the curtain was lifted and the young widow greeted him kindly and made him sit down by her, now questioning him and now listening sympathetically to his replies, he almost fancied that he had lost his senses, as he had done under the ruins in the cellar, and that the sweetest of dreams was cheating him.

The feeling which now seemed to choke him and again and again hindered his utterance was surely the excess of bliss poured down upon him by great Astarte, the partner of Baal, of whom he had heard many tales from the Phœnician traders who supplied the shepherd settlers with various good things, and of whom he was forbidden by stern Miriam ever to speak at home.

His people had implanted in his young soul a hatred of the Egyptians as the oppressors of his race; but could they be so evil, could he abhor a nation among whom there were such beings to be found as the fair and gentle lady who looked so softly and yet so warmly into his eyes; whose speech bewitched his ear like sweet music, whose gaze set his blood in such swift motion that he could hardly bear it, and pressed his hand to his heart to still its wild throbbing?

There she sat opposite to him on a stool covered with a panther skin, and drew the wool from the distaff. He had taken her fancy and she had welcomed him warmly because he was kin to the man she had loved from her childhood. She believed she could trace a likeness in him to Joshua, although the boy still lacked the gravity of the man to whom she had given her young heart, when and how she herself could not tell, for he had never sued for here love.

A lotus flower was fastened into her well-arranged waving black hair, and its stem lay in a graceful curve on her bent neck, round which hung a mass of beautiful curls. When she raised her eyes to look into his it was as though two deep wells opened before him to pour streams of bliss into his young breast, and that slender hand which spun the yarn had already touched in greeting and held in his own.

Presently she inquired of him concerning Joshua and the woman who had sent him a message—whether she were young and fair and whether there were any tie of love between her and his uncle. At this Ephraim laughed aloud. For she who had sent him was so grave and stern that the mere idea of her being capable of a tender emotion roused his mirth. As to whether she were fair, he had never given it a thought.

The young widow took this laughter as the most welc

Recent Literature.

BOOKS FOR OCTOBER READING.

Esther's Fortune — Metzerolt — Home Candy Making—A Woman of To-day— Other Pamphlet Novels—New Magazines — Literary Notes.

"Esther's Fortune" is a story for girls by Lucy C. Lillie, and a good healthy tale it is, told with the skill for which this writer is known. It is a story which older persons will enjoy as well as the girls, one that is full of incidents, some of which are merry and some pathetic, but none of them of the sensational character so objectionable to the young. The reader follows Esther with interest from the first chapter to the last, and in the way in which she meets her varying fortunes will be found encouragement for many another girl who is thrown out into the world to care for herself. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, has just issued "Metzerolt, Shoemaker," a story which is designed to make a plea for Christian Socialism, the workings of which are presented in a practical form. The interest which this question has aroused in the public mind renders anything in the same direction especially interesting. There are tragic scenes in the story, but the spirit of the whole is very beautiful. We may have something further to say of it later.

"Home Candy Making," by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, is published by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia. This valuable work is the result of careful practice in teaching beginners how to make attractive, wholesome and palatable varieties of home-made candies. As a rule, they are made from uncooked sugar and white of egg, and when they may be palatable to some persons, to the connoisseur they are coarse and heavy. The excellence of the recipes consists in their simplicity and faithfulness to minutiæ. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 40 cents.

In the American Authors' series, issued by John W. Lovell company, New York, comes "A Woman of To-Day," by Margaret Crawford Jackson. This is a simple story of a woman who is neither better nor worse than many another we see in every day life. There is no attempt to introduce startling situations, but simply a succession of high lights and deep shadows. It is quiet and restful, a pleasant contrast to the sensational literature of the day. Price 50 cents in paper covers.

The same publishing house issues "A Social Diplomat," by Flora Adams Darling. It is full of intrigue, just the sort that makes up a certain kind of society. The heroine is a social diplomat.

A fifth edition of "Our Silver Coinage," by John A. Grier, has recently been issued by Frank F. Lovell & Co., New York. It compares the relation of our own coinage to Debts and the World-wide Depression in Prices. The author has endeavored to treat the question in a practical way, and yet in a style that renders it pleasant and readable.

From the Minerva Publishing Co., New York, comes "A False Conception" by Stanley McKenna. It is one of the stories of love and intrigue which are so common, and which please certain of the multitude. Paper covers, and belonging to the Minerva series, being the October number.

From White & Allen, New York, comes in the "Sporting Library Series" No. 3, of Travel, Adventure and Sport. It is made up of five different articles or stories well told, taken from *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price 40 cents.

Another from the same publishers, a one in the series, "The Blackwood Library," made up of tales from the same magazine. There are several well-told, and the number is a good one. Price 40 cents.

"Priest and Puritan" is a story published by Brentano, New York. The story is founded upon the prejudices of a Methodist minister towards any of the amusements of the world and towards the Catholic religion. How he became more charitable is the theme of the story.

Literary Notes.

A particular aim of the *The Boston Monthly*, soon to be started at 48 Winter street, Boston, will be to encourage young American authors.

"Ben Hur" has been translated recently into Dutch, as has also "John Ward, Preacher."

An incident in the current instalment of Howells's novel in *Harper's Weekly*, turns on a street-car strike in New York.

The Boston *Advertiser* is not unusually severe, but it speaks of a certain new historical work as "a crazy quilt."

The San Francisco Bohemian Club has a library of about 3,000 volumes an pamphlets relating to California and the Pacific coast.

A young sister of the late Emma Lazarus, Miss Josephine Lazarus, has written for *Scribner* a paper on the Russian artist Marie Bashirtseff, whose memoirs have recently attracted considerable attention in Europe.

The book which M. Ernest Renan is revising for the press is to be called "L'Avenir de la Science," and not "Les Origines de la Science." It was begun in 1849.

In view of the Congress of Representatives of Maritime Nations in Washington, Prof. J. Russell Soley's articles in the November *Scribner* will be of especial interest.

Hepworth Dixon believes in the salutary influence of *Harper's Bazar*. He recently declared that when he saw this periodical on sale at Salt Lake City he felt that polygamy was doomed.

Goethe's house at Weimer, from which the public have been excluded rigidly until within a year, will be carefully described in the November number of *Scribner*, by Oscar Browning. The many illustrations are from the first photographs taken since the house was thrown open, and represent the rooms as Goethe left them.

With the first number of its ninth volume, commencing October 10, *The Christian Commonwealth* will be permanently enlarged by the addition of four pages. This will be the fourth enlargement of *The Christian Commonwealth* since the beginning of its publication. New and attractive features are announced.

Mr. Edward W. Bok of Brooklyn, has become editor of the *Ladi's' Home Journal*, a monthly published in Philadelphia, which has attained a very large circulation. Mr. Bok is a native of Holland, and only twenty-five years of age. He was the originator of one of the most successful literary syndicates, and has for some time been connected with the Scribner publishing house in this city.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co issue a new edition of their Portrait Catalogue. The faces added to it are those of Edward Bellamy, Joel C. Harris, Blanche W. Howard, Ellen Olney Kirk, Justin Winsor, Scott and Thackeray. The catalogue is considerably enlarged by including the books acquired by the firm in its recent purchase from Hickor & Co. The index is arranged for the first time by subjects as well as titles.

Dr. M. Allen Starr will, in the November *Scribner*, describe the effects of electricity upon the human body. This subject is of special importance, owing to the frequent reports of accidents due to contact with electric wires; to the recent adoption of electricity as a means of executing criminals; and to the extravagant claims of the curative powers of electricity in disease. Dr. Starr will draw the line very sharply between the legitimate use of electricity and quackery.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press for early publication an art work which needs no further introduction than a reminder of preceding holiday volumes adorded with drawings by the same artists. The book is entitled *The Quiet Life*, and contains 83 illustrations drawn by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons to interpret fragments of old British song, and a prologue and epilogue by Austin Dobson.

That Ben Hur will outlast Robert Elsmere in popularity is the judgment which Miss Ellen M. Coe has formed from her experience as librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library. Ben Hur has now passed Uncle Tom's Cabin, which in 1887 headed the list of fiction in greatest demand. The recent report of the Maimonides library, in New York, gives the same testimony. Ben Hur heads the list of single volumes of fiction most sought after.

Well Versed.

Temperance Orator—What is it, my hearers, that drives men to drink? Voice from the Back Seat—Salt mackerel.—*Life.*

SCRIBBLING ON THE EIFEL TOWER.

Names, Puns, Verses and Sentiments of Many Sorts in Many Languages.

Big as the Eiffel tower is, it is too circumscribed for the people who insist upon writing their names and recording their impressions on its iron framework. They have used up all the available space. All the girders, beams, protection rails and rivet heads within reach bear the literary contributions of many thousand visitors. The tower is a gigantic cosmopolitan registry of names. Between 15,000 and 20,000 people ascend it every day, and most of them consider it their duty to add to the collection. The *Figaro* newspaper keeps a visitors' book at its printing office on the second floor to accommodate visitors who have not the desire or who cannot find the space to scribble on the ironwork.

The writing left is in as many languages as there are nationalities among the visitors, but the most interesting contributions come from the native French. A Frenchman grows naturally into the opinion that France is the fountain of progress, civilization, and everything else. This opinion remains his principal article of faith through life—especially when his life is confined to France. When he mounts the Eiffel Tower, by means of American elevators, he is more than ever convinced of the universal supremacy of France. He bursts out into uncontrollable fits of patriotism.

"Glory to the noble France," writes one after his name. "Honor to French genius," says another. "Having mounted the Eiffel Tower I am proud of being French," writes M. Masson. "I will name my next daughter Eiffeline," says a Bordeaux engineer. One M. Gouloux, apostrophizes thus: "French genius, thou wilt always be the first in the world!" and a patriotic Marseillais left this record: "Long live in grand France, the brotherhood of civilization of the entire world."

Some of the visitors drop into poetry, and perpetrate bad puns at one expense of the tower. "What height is the tailor who has forgotten his measure and sits down on the third platform of the tower?" is a common *calembour* which one left. The humorist who added to the uncertainty which had come into existence by asking her to marry him. She was engaged on some copying when he approached her and poured out his sentiments, and, notwithstanding the warmth of his pleadings, kept right right on with the clickety, click, click of the instrument. In fact, she paid so little attention to him that he became discouraged and left the room, intending to speak to her when her mind was free from her duties. He went to his lunch, and on his return sat down to sign a lot of letters that lay on his desk. There was a large pile, and he was through it mechanically when he struck a sheet near the bottom. Jumping to his feet he simply exclaimed: "Well, I'll be blowed! The cold, glaring typewritten letter read:

"MISS SUSIE: Maybe you'll think I'm an old jackass, but I ain't. I mean business. I know I don't happen to be very pretty, but I'd be good to a family. I was thinking that maybe you'd learn to like me if you'd go to church with me—and give the minister a few minutes' employment. And this ain't to save any salary, either. It's because I wan't you for your——. Say, you ain't listening, are you? Well, I'll come in later, when you ain't so busy."—*Washington Capital.*

TWELVE HELPFUL RULES.

Here are some that have been tried with noticeably good effect.

1. Do not interrupt others in conversation unnecessarily.
2. Be unselfish.
3. Have courage to speak the truth.
4. Do not shirk.
5. If you have been to blame, do not try to throw the blame on some one else. "If she hadn't done so-and-so, it wouldn't have happened."
6. When you have used an article put it back in its place; especially if it is one used by the family in common.
7. Remember that by your conduct persons judge of your home training and home influences.
8. Be careful to meet your engagements promptly.
9. Be punctual at meals.
10. Whatever is is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
11. Help others.
12. Let your friends feel that you can be depended upon to keep your word. It will be a comfort to them to have some one to turn to in time of need, and it will be a deep and lasting pleasure to you to know they have confidence in you.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The New Waiter.

Texas Siftings.

"This coffee is so poor I can't drink it," said the guest.

"Just shut your eyes, put it out of sight, and don't say anything about it," was the reply of the new waiter, who was a humorist.

The guest did not make any reply, but when he came to pay he handed over to the proprietor of the establishment a solitary cent.

"Where's the rest of the money?"

Just shut your eyes, put it out of sight, and don't say anything more about it. That is what your new waiter told me when I said the coffee was weak."

The new waiter tendered his resignation.

The Fisher's Widow.

The boats go out and the boats come in,
Under the wintry sky;
And the rain and foam are white in the wind,
And the white gulls cry.

She sees the sea when the wind is wild,
Swept by the windy rain;
And her heart's a-weary of sea and land
As the long days wane.

She sees the torn sails fly in the foam,
Broad on the sky line gray;
And the boats go out and the boats come in,
But there's one away.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Rheumatism
TRADE MARK
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
Cured by
St. Jacobs Oil
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS
BALTO. MD. THE CHAS. A. VOGELER CO.

ACTING OUT THE ADAGE.

Time.

"See Miss Forty dancing so confidingly with young Downs."
"Yes—old head on young shoulders."

NATIONAL TRAGEDIES

THE TWO IN OUR HISTORY.

The Assassinations of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield—Personal Recollections of Both.

The first time I saw Abraham Lincoln was during the last year of the war, when I had been ordered to duty in the judge advocate general's office. He came into the office one day and asked to see Judge Holt. Immediately he was shown into the judge's office, and soon the messenger came and said the judge wanted to see me, as the chief clerk was out. I went in, and as I did so, Mr. Lincoln was explaining the object of his visit. A young girl had come to Washington to plead for her brother, who had been sentenced to be shot by court-martial for desertion. She had succeeded in gaining an audience with the President, and had enlisted his sympathy in her behalf; so, instead of sending for the record, as he might have done, he went to the office himself after it. I got the record of the young man's trial and Mr. Lincoln sat down and read all the testimony carefully, as though he had been a paid attorney. Finally he came to the evidence of the soldier's captain, who testified that the defendant had heretofore been faithful in the performance of his duty; and then he found that a minority of the court had recommended a mitigation of the death sentence. This was enough for the kind-hearted President, and he said, "We'll save this young man, Mr. Holt, and restore him to his sister and mother;" and the sentence was commuted. I often thought of this incident during the Democratic administration when Grover Cleveland was continually vetoing pension bills and in every veto putting a slur upon the unfortunate soldier who was compelled to seek the assistance of that government to preserve the existence of which he had risked his life.

The last time I saw Abraham Lincoln he lay in state in the East Room of the White House, after the bullet of John Wilkes Booth had done its fatal work. His rugged, homely face deeply furrowed with lines of care, had yet a kindly expression, and though the soul had gone from its tenement of clay, it had left the impress of its greatness upon the countenance of the martyred President.

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Speaking of Booth, it was my fortune to meet him under very pleasant circumstances when he made his first appearance in Boston. I was but a boy, but I had taken great interest in theatrical matters and belonged to a dramatic club which sent some very good actors to the professional stage. One of the members of this club had tried the stage for a season and then returned to Boston and resumed his former occupation as a dry goods salesman. While he was playing, however, he had met Wilkes Booth and the two had formed quite a friendship. So when Booth was coming to Boston, he wrote my friend to take supper with him on the Saturday evening prior to the commencement of his engagement. My friend asked me to accompany him to that supper, and of course I was delighted. I found Mr. Booth one of the most delightful men I had ever met. He was easy and graceful in manner, a good talker, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, but modest in speaking of himself, and with a personal magnetism that attracted all who came within the range of its influence.

We spent a delightful evening, and the following Monday night I saw Booth play Richard. It was an uneven performance, but there were passages in which the true fire of genius flashed forth, and the night in the fifth act was the most thrilling I ever seen. I believed then that Wilkes Booth had a great future before him, but he lacked perseverance and stability. When the war broke out he became intensely interested in the Southern cause—he was born in Baltimore, and imbibed all the Southern ideas in his youth—and did all he could to aid the rebellion, and yet escape being sent beyond the lines.

The details of the tragedy in Ford's theater when he assassinated President Lincoln are too well known to be repeated. I was not present at the commission of the crime, although a friend of mine had begged me to go that night. But I had seen The American Cousin, and I had seen the President many times, and so I declined.

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I had some work to do at the office that night, and went there instead of to the theater. There was a torchlight procession that night, and as from my office window I could see across to the White House, I saw the procession come up, halt for a while, and then resume its march. I came to the conclusion that the President had not gone to the theater, but had made a speech to the procession. After I had finished my work, I went to my room on Ninth street, about two squares from Ford's theater, and had just retired, when some one rapped on my door and said:

"Frank, get up; President Lincoln has been shot."

I thought it was a joke and was inclined to be vexed, but was assured that it was true and that the crime had been committed by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theatre. I quickly got into my clothes and reached the theatre just as the wounded President was being taken across the street. What a night that was! I shall never forget it, nor will any one else who was in Washington then. The most intense excitement prevailed; for hardly had the President been carried into the Petersen house when the news came that Secretary Seward had been nearly killed, and it was said that Vice-President Johnson had been attacked. It was said, also, that the entire Cabinet had been killed, and the wildest sort of rumors prevailed. No one knew how far the murderous conspiracy extended nor who were implicated in it.

It was known that Booth was the assassin of the President and that he had fled on horseback across the navy yard bridge and a troop of cavalry had already started in pursuit, but that was all that was definitely known. Quickly Tenth street, between E and F, was cleared and a strong cordon of soldiers was placed at either end of the square with orders to let no one through without a written pass.

There was a stir and a bustle when a hack came thundering down F street and attempted to go through the line. It was an ordinary night-liner, but the driver was a massive man and his gray hair floated in the breeze—for he had no hat—as he urged the horses to their utmost speed. He went through, and then it was found that the jehu was Chief Justice Carter, who was driving Surgeon General Barnes to the bedside of the wounded President.

Both had been at the bedside of Secretary Seward, who had been hacked almost to death, and knew nothing of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, until the hack had driven up for the surgeon general. The driver said he was afraid to drive back and Judge Cartter, thrusting him into the carriage with the surgeon general, mounted the box hatless, and drove to the house in which the President lay.

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Writing of Mr. Lincoln's death naturally brings up memories of the assassination of Garfield in 1881, but that was of such recent occurrence that the circumstances are fresh in the public mind. Still those who were in Washington had experiences in connection with watching for news during the long days of suffering, which will never be forgotten. My first knowledge of the crime was being wakened out of a sound sleep at twenty minutes of 10 a. m. with the words: "The President has been shot and they want you down at the office." I was then city editor of the *National Republican*, and I made such rapid time in getting to work that at a quarter of eleven I had an extra on the street with an account of the shooting and a sketch of Guiteau. From the day of the shooting to the day of Garfield's death no one who had any knowledge of the case had the slightest idea of his recovery. Yet the public wanted all the news and the great American people wanted Garfield to get well.

I remember meeting the late John T. Raymond in Boston just after Garfield had been taken to Elberon. "How is the President?" asked Raymond, after expressing his surprise at seeing me at the Hub.

"About the same," I replied. "He's going to die."

"But he can't die; the public won't let him die!" said John, and up went his hand in true Mulberry Sellers style. A crowd began to gather, and I whisked the irrepressible comedian into a cigar store where I told him what I knew about the case.

Raymond really expressed the public feeling. Nobody wanted to believe that after lingering so long and suffering so patiently, that the wounded President must die after all. Every one wanted news from the sick room, and the newspaper man in Washington had his choice between the lying of the doctors and his own imagination. The only credit I can take during the whole affair is in getting out the first extra in the world, announcing Garfield's death.

***

The two tragedies in our National history, in each of which a president was assassinated, occurred while I was in Washington, and, in both of them I was interested. As a clerk in the judge advocate office the trial of the conspirators passed my hands, and I saw them executed. The work I did during Garfield's illness and death, and subsequently during the trial and execution of his assassin, was arduous and wearing in the extreme. I don't think any man who passed through that experience would care to have it repeated. Let us hope that another sad occurrence of that kind may never happen during the life of the Republic. F. T. H.

SAVED THE PAYMASTER'S CAR.

It Required a Bit of Clever Calculating, but Jim Lyle Was Equal to the Job.

Omaha World-Herald.

Among the recently invigorated liars of the town is one just returned from a session with ozone in Colorado. It was his first trip through the mountains, and he was much affected by the feats of engineering skill there manifested, as witness the following:

"I had heard of the curve on the Pennsylvania, where, according to the time-card schedule, the engineer is obliged to lean out of his cab and exchange tobacco with the brakeman on the rear end, so as to give the passengers something to talk about, and I now believe it. There was an old, honest, horney-handed miner who rode over the road out of Denver with me and he told me several things. Once, while we were being jerked around the edge of the mountains and could look out from under the roots of our hair at the track opposite in the valley he told me a tale. Said he:

"'That 'ere track down yan is the one we're onto, but we won't fetch it for an hour. We run up the ravine an' down the side of the mountain an' double back. Down thar is wher Jim Lyle saved the paymaster o' the road.'

"'How?' I inquired.

"'It were this-a-way. The paymaster's car was hitched onto the hindend o' the freight train, his own engine havin' had a little trouble with her runnin' gear an' being abandoned fer awhile upo the road. Well, the train was snortin' and orawlin' aroun' the mountain when all of a sudden the back brakeman comes a-runnin' up and yells to Jim:

"'Pull out! Pull out! They's a gang o' rustlers has caught the engine an' are humpin' after us! Pull!'

"Well, Jim Lyle noticed that. He seen at wunst that the engine had been fixed up, an' that the rustlers had took her to ketch him an' get the dust in the paymaster's car, so he pulled out right peart an' tried to outrace 'em, but it wan't no go. They kep' gittin' up on him.

"Pretty soon he struck the beginnin' o' this 'ere curve. He didn't slack a breath, an' the conductor came rushin' up an' believed:

"'Fer God's sake, what kin we do? If we run this way we'll climb a rail.'

"'Sallright,' said Jim Lyle.

"'Sallright, sallright, an' he gave her another pull out, an' just as we reached right here he jerked her wide open. Then we see what was what. Lookin' back, I bein' on the train, seen the last coach go up in the air; there was a jerk, an' away over into the canon she went.'

"'Well, where does the salvation of the coach come in?' I asked. 'I don't see any particular advantage in being spilled over a mountain side and being shot by train robbers.'

"'Now don't git frisky,' said the old man, 'I'm tellin' this yere an' I ain't done. That there coach, as I say, sailed over offin the track just like the hind boy did when you used to play "crack the whip" at school. It floated down as nice as you please an' lit on the track below in the valley, an' with the force it was slung rolled ten miles to the next station. When we got there it was on the sidin' an' we pulled by, an' when the light engine load o' rustlers come pullin' along the townspeople was waitin' fer 'em an' the new cemetery was started in good shape.'"

George Sand's Brilliant Son.

Maurice Sand, the son of the famous novelist, George Sand, and who has just been borne to his grave at Nohant, was in the United States as one of the companions of Prince Napoleon (Jerome) on the occasion of the latter's visit to America in 1886. He spent several days at Washington with the Prince, and on his return to his picturesque chateau at Nohant, published an account of his trip under the title of "Six Thousand Leagues at Full Steam." Born in 1823, he has joined the "great majority" without leaving behind him a single enemy or detractor. Although educated by his mother and passionately devoted to her, his career was unmarked by any of those irregularities which constituted so notable a feature of George Sand's stormy life. Married in 1862 to the beautiful daughter of the famous Italian engraver, his domestic happiness was unclouded to the day of his death. Twenty years ago he was severely wounded, while engaged in saving life at a fire, and was decorated by Napoleon III. for the great gallantry which he displayed on that occasion. A prolific writer and a painter of considerable talent, he leaves numerous works, both of pen and brush.

A Very Sad Occasion.

Mr. Biznis—Whew! but I'm tired out!

Mrs. Biznis—What is the matter?

Mr. Biznis—The second book-keeper asked me for a half day off to attend his aunt's funeral, and like a smart Aleck I said I would go with him.

Mrs. Biznis—Was it a very good game? What was the score?

Mr. Biznis—That's just where I got fooled myself. He was really going to his aunt's funeral.—*Terre Haute Express.*

BURDETTE ON SHOCKS.

Electricity Which Went Into the Paper-Hanging Business.

By the term electrical freaks we do not mean the experts who testified recently that they could receive a shock of 25,000 volts and feel sort of braced up by it. We make this explanation in order to prevent any misconception of the tenor of this article by the intelligent reader. By "electrical freaks" we do not mean people who play fantastic tricks with their imagination when they talk on this subject, but rather the pranks which the forked lightning plays when it strikes a hen house and lights up the emotional fancy of the reporter who is working on space.

A few years ago a young man named Caspar Weidpants, residing in Ashbury Park, was sitting at the window of his boarding house, counting his week's salary, and wondering whether he should divide it equally among himself, or give some of it to his tailor and a little to his landlady, or take it all to hire a horse and a narrow buggy and take a proud but wealthy heiress out to drive. At that instant a bolt of lightning struck the corner of a large house in Long Branch, not more than seven or eight miles away, and the young man never thought of his tailor or his landlady again. They often thought of him, but nobody ever found out where he went.

In the summer of 1879 John J. Fowler was a practical paper hanger in Albany. During the first week of June he was hanging paper in the residence of Mr. Clarence L. Montgomery, when a heavy black cloud came slowly over the city from the west, and a single flash of lightning fell from the cloud, entered the room where Fowler was at work, run up the trimming machine like a buzz saw for a few minutes, stirred up the paste, hung all the paper in the room, and trimmed sixteen yards of arabesque border. Some of the family went in the room about 7 o'clock that evening, and found Fowler lying on the table still sleeping from the effects of the shock. The stroke had also affected his mind and seriously biased his moral faculties, for he afterward brought in a bill for the work and had to sue for it (Mr. Montgomery being a very rich man), and he testified that he had done all this work himself before going to sleep. But that was impossible, and the court so decided, as it was established by the evidence of more than twenty householders that no paper-hanger ever did that much work in a day.

People now living in Skaneateles who resided there in the spring of 1783 still remember the excitement over the remarkable case of Rev. Lars Christophersson, rector of the Aboriginal American church. He was sitting in his study one Sabbath morning, in a morbid and gloomy state of mind, having just learned that his son, who had gone off on a little scalping party down the lake the night before, had taken the only razor in the manse. While the Elder sat gloomily rubbing his chin and wondering if the scandi's sandpaper was before classmeeting, a storm that had been gathering for some time suddenly broke above the town with terrific violence. A long zigzag streak of ball lightning entered the window of the minister's study, shaved him once over without raising a pimple, trimmed his hair straight across the back of the neck, giving him the peculiarly meek look of meekly meekness which is the artistic triumph of that style of cut, banged it in front to make him look childlike and simple, gave his shoes a patent-leather shine, brushed his coat and was out of the window again with a crashing noise like a 4-year-old boy falling off a pew during the long prayer. The strangest thing about the occurrence was not discovered until that evening, when the preacher discovered that the lightning, on departing, had burned a hole in his vest pocket and fused a silver quarter into a round sphere, which had dropped out on his way to the meeting house.

Last July, Mrs. Weatherby Showers, wife of the well-known financier of that name, was putting her three children to bed one very warm, sultry evening when a flash of sheet lightning—Hey? Sir? I "want to remember that this is a Sunday paper?" Ha; I'd like to see me get a chance to forget it. Well, that's so; guess I'll leave that Showers story out. It is pretty tough, a little. But the others may stand; if they are not as true as some lightning stories I've heard told by some awfully truthful people, I don't want a cent that I can't get.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

The Pensacola Will Probably Carry the Observers to West Africa.

The last session of Congress appropriated $5,000 to defray the expenses of an expedition to be sent under direction of the secretary of the navy to the west coast of Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun on December 22. It was at first expected that the new cruiser Baltimore would carry the observers, as she has a great deal of cabin and berth room, but she can not be fitted out by October 1, about which date the expedition must sail. It is now reported that the Pensacola, which has been fitted up as a flagship for the Pacific squadron, will be used instead. The preliminary details have been arranged by a board, of which Commodore John G. Walker, chief of the bureau of navigation; Captain R. L. Phythian, superintendent of the naval observatory; Professor Asaph Hall, of the Naval observatory, and Professor Simon Newcomb, superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, are members. One of the navy officers, familiar with the details, said yesterday:

"The vessel will be either the Pensacola or the Atlanta, probably the former. The expedition will be divided into two parties, one of which will be under the direction of Prof. Joseph Russell, of Washington, and the other under Prof. Todd, of Amherst. The former is an expert in solar photography, and will have charge of the corps detailed to obtain photographs of the eclipse. Permission has been obtained of the Portugese government for the expedition to land at St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of the Portugese possessions on the west coast of Africa. The expedition will proceed from that place inland to Maxima, on the Cuanza river, where the two parties will separate and take up stations near that point, and have all of their instruments set up before the date of the eclipse. The line of the center of totality will strike the coast at a point about 100 miles south of St. Paul de Loanda and pass directly over the stations. The expedition will not be absent, probably, more than three months."

—All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

WHAT SHE SAID.

It was Very Practical, but Rather Unexpected.

He was a San Francisean in the played-out city of London, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He came from the west, where he had developed that independence and self-reliance which, combined with good looks and twenty-dollar gold pieces, made a man superior to all Europe. He strode with graceful dignity into a gilded bar, over which presided a divinity of superb physical form, but still a woman, with that air which only an English barmaid can possibly put on—an air of unapproachable coyness, coquetry and humility. She awaited his order.

He was dressed in the latest fashion. He threw the lapel of his coat back with a proud gesture, and fixing his fascinating eye on the bar beauty he said:

"Tell me, my pretty maid, what can you suggest for a man who ate a Welsh rabbit last night and does not feel well this morning?"

She did not smile; she did not appear to be affected by the appearance of his swelling chest or his wicked eye; she simply said:

"Why didn't you beat two Welsh rabbits, and let 'em chase heach hother?"

The Hoosier is on Deck Now.

Indianapolis Journal.

A. C. Mellette, elected governor of South Dakota, was editor of a Muncie paper before he went to Dakota. John R. Wilson, elected to congress in Washington, is a lawyer at Crawfordsville. H. C. Hansbrough, who goes to congress from North Dakota, is a native Hoosier. Judge Gideon C Moody of South Dakota is from New Albany, and was colonel in the Ninth Indiana infantry, and at the close of the war was appointed captain of a company in the regular army. Ex-Governor Gilbert A. Pierce of North Dakota formerly lived at La Porte. The two gentlemen last named are to be elected to the United States senate by the legislature just chosen. Martin Maginnis, who ran for congress in Montana, is a former Indiana man.

—Inventors who desire to obtain sound and reliable patents, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

TO SUPPRESS BORES.

An Invention Calculated to Accomplish This Great End.

There is a large and growing class of individuals in this world which is succinctly and forcibly expressed by the word bore. Under it may be placed the large bore and the small bore, between whom there is the distinction of quantity, not quality. A mosquito is a small bore, but he gets there just the same, with large results.

The bores on whom the New York *Press* inventor has turned the electric flash of

his perspicacity this week are human, and more particularly those beings who, with an unquenchable hope and a large accompaniment of gall, haunt business and editorial offices for the purpose of selling things no man wants to buy. These bores are perennial, and, like the poor, are always with us. The time has come when they must be suppressed, and this is what the inventor claims can be done by the aid of the great double-spring-action catapult chair, which he here offers.

In cut No. 1 may be seen the unsuspecting fiend approaching the exchange editor with a salve which is warranted to make the feathers grow on a bald chicken. The fiend knows that the exchange editor is too busy for utterance, and furthermore

that he owns no chickens. Does he, knowing this, refrain from disturbing the gentle clipster? Not a bit of it.

But the latter is prepared. Scarcely looking up from his pastepot he notices the unwelcome visitor so sit down, which he does. The editor then pushes a button with his foot which releases the spring of the catapult chair, and lo! the consequences exhibited in cut No. 2.

As a further explanation it may be stated that the arms of the chair also have an action of their own, and clasp the unwilling victim immovably. There he may howl and beg for mercy, but he can't descend until he is allowed to.

To make this invention still more effective in newer and more commodious buildings a chute or slide may be arranged into which the chair can slip its victim, a tank of water at the other end being placed to receive him.

WHAT THE GOOSE BONE SAYS.

It Will be an Open Winter, if There's Any Truth in the Bone's Story.

Henry Stillman, of Woodstock, is the goose-bone prophet of Eastern Connecticut. He gets his bone from a goose that is hatched in May, and when Henry Stillman is bending over his goose bone to read the future each fall, the Windham county people gather, hearkens to the prophecy. Wiggins and DeVoe, and even Uncle Daboll, of Groton, who has been getting out "almanacks" yearly for the past 117 years, may do very well fumbling with the weather during the rest of year, but when the first fall wind comes piping over the hills and the frost is on the pumpkin, then Henry Stillman sits down with the goose bone and something happens that is "tolerabl' sartin."

Mr. Stillman consulted the bone last week, and his prediction has been published orally all over the eastern end of the state. Prediction is a weak, narrow word to apply to the proclamation, for Mr. Stillman doesn't predict; he determines. It is going to be an open winter, he says, and "that settles it," says Windham county.

The magic bone, hanging by the side of Mr. Stillman's kitchen chimney, and by which he cyphers out the season, shows a row of dots around its shank, and those dots announce what the temperature is going to be. The darker the spots the colder the weather is the reading of the bone. Then there are circular marks which divide the bone into the three winter months. December occupying the space between the first partitions, January the next apartment, and February the remaining one. Mild, regular weather will prevail in all the months and it will be milder than even that of last winter. There will be a few days on which running water will freeze. The coldest weather will be in the latter half of January, when there will be some frost of considerable severity. "Near the point of the bone," says the seer, "is a marked discoloration, indicating that the first day of winter will give decided intimation of the season's change." Christmas will be a green one, but it will be wet and cold. January will step in warm and sunny, but soon it will turn cold, though not very cold. The coldest day will be January 27. There is going to be a "reg'ler old-time January thaw," and February will have a "thawey spell," too. October will be a cold, disagreeable month, with heavy rains and snows. There will be an early spring, but February will melt into March in a disastrous thaw, in which the features will be swollen mountain streams and terrible floods.

Faith in the goose bone is invincible in this part of the state, and each year many farmers are wont to take one from the May goose, and it is dried and hung in the front hall or against the chimney in the kitchen. There it dangles until spring in the next year. The best bone is taken from a goose that has a trace of wild blood in its veins. But not every one can read a goose bone as Henry Stillman is able to do it.

Is It Any Wonder

that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery outsells all other blood and liver medicines, since it possesses such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the people (as they are doing, through druggists) under conditions such as no other medicine is sold under, viz: that it must either benefit or cure the patient, or the money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures all diseases arising from deranged liver, or from impure blood, as biliousness, fever sores, scaly skin and scalp diseases, saltrheum, tetter, scrofulous sores and swellings, fever-sores, hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

$500 Reward for an incurable case of chronic Nasal Catarrh offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

Willing to Oblige.

"Emily, I wish you wouldn't let Mr. Jones flirt so desperately with you; I don't like it."

"Sh-sh, dear; don't talk so loudly. I only did it out of pity for the poor fellow."

"What do you mean?"

"That lady behind you is Mrs. Jones."—*London Judy.*

The Short Method.

Housekeeper—Nora, you must always sweep behind the doors.

New Servant—Yes'm. I always does. It's the 'aziest way of gettin' the durrit out of sight.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE SOUL OF HONOR.

"My Life Is in the Hands of My Country"—A True Soldier.

I PICKED up a copy of THE BLADE at the hotel, recently, and in Dan Knight's account of the capture of Paris, I noticed that the name of Charley Edwards, of the 5th Iowa Cav., was mentioned.

The reminiscence takes me back over many years. Dear old Charley! How well I remember him! Tall, straight as an arrow; long black hair hanging below his shoulders; brave as a lion, and the soul of honor, as the sequel will show.

Charley, with his regiment, was stationed at Fort Donelson in 1862 or 1863. In one of the scouts his company were engaged in, Charley met a lady, who fell desperately in love with him. Charley, however, was a whole-souled fellow, who talked to all and loved none, and was unconscious of the fact that his lady acquaintance was "smitten." Time and again he met the lady, who, by the way, was highly accomplished and had a fortune in her own right, and one, too, that the vissicissitudes of the conflict could not disturb or depreciate. Things went on in this way for some time, when a brother-in-law of Charley's was let into the secret, told how matters stood and volunteered to interview the boy. Accordingly, he visited Charley in camp. Dear old boy! I can yet see the look of suffering that came over his face when he was appraised of the fact that the lady loved him; and how well I remember his answer:

"My life is the hands of my country. I may be called upon to lay it down to-morrow. Should I marry this lady to-day, to-morrow she may be a widow. To-morrow I may be a helpless cripple; think of what her life would be in that case. But if I should be spared to see the end of this war, I would despise myself always for having sold myself for gold. I respect this lady; but rather than marry her under such circumstances, I would stop a bullet from hitting a better man than I. Tell the lady her name will always be remembered by me for her interest in one who is not worthy. I am a soldier by profession. I do not expect to live to see the close of this war; but if I should be so fortunate, I must carve my way to position with my sword; I have no one to back me."

I never knew what became of Charley, for he was ordered to Murfreesboro soon after; but I did hear, in a vague way, that he had fallen in battle. If this should be read by anyone who knows of his fate, I would be pleased to hear from them through the Camp Fire.—JOHN R. HOLSTER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A BRUSH WITH MOSBY.

They Treated the Wounded Boy Kindly —His Record.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On July 5, 1864, a force consisting of about a hundred men of the 2d Mass. Regt., together with thirty men of the 13th N. Y. Cav., all under the command of Major Forbs, were attacked near Aldie, Va., about 50 miles east of Washington, D. C., by the enemy, 450 strong, supposed to be the 5th Va. Cav., in command of Col. Mosby.

Major Forbs formed two lines, one about 30 yards in the rear of the other, holding them there. He gave the order forbidding any firing until the distinction of lines was entirely obliterated. Then, when the enemy had approached within 60 steps, and were lapped around our left, our commander ordered a retreat by the right toward the south, the enemy being between us and camp, which was at Fall's church. About thirty men reached camp uninjured. Being unhorsed and wounded in the arm, I slowly and painfully made my way toward the camp. Twenty-

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other department, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. Such information would be refused them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such questions as are of *general* interest to the readers of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

"Teetotaller Dick."

Every reader of the Question Bureau is requested to turn to the fourth page of this issue and read there the announcement of Col. Enos's new temperance story, written expressly for THE BLADE. And then we shall be glad to have those, each and every one, send us the names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, but who would be glad to read "Teetotaller Dick," and have their children read it. We will send sample copies off the copy, containing the first instalment to all whose names are sent. And we urge that you send us names at once.

Confucius and His Doctrines.

S. K. O., Evanston, Ill.: Confucius, or Kong-fu-tse, the great Chinese philosopher, was born at Shangping about 550 B. C. He lost his father before his third year, but he had a learned man for his grandfather, who bestowed great pains upon him, and early brought his understanding to maturity. While quite a youth he held the important public appointments of inspector of corn markets and of fields and pastures, in performing the duties of which his energy and integrity were conspicuous. At the age of 23 his mother died, and he then resigned his appointments, gave himself to study, and formed the project of a general reformation in the kingdom. At that time the Chinese Empire was not consolidated under one sovereign, but seems to have been divided into several separate kingdoms, notwithstanding the respect which the King and the people of Lu, his native country, had for the wisdom of Confucius, he was driven from the country and became an outcast and a wanderer.

He continued, however, to disseminate his doctrines, passing through several states, endeavoring to bring mankind to wisdom and happiness. At last, having suffered much persecution, he settled down as a teacher of philosophy, and collected around him a number of noble and earnest pupils, many of the most earnest men of the empire, especially those who were sedate and middle-aged, adopting his views. In his life he was but slightly thought of by the mass of his countrymen, but after his death his genius was recognized, and he was looked upon almost as a demi-god. To this day the descendants of his family are the recipients of honors and privileges, and in nearly every great town in China there is a temple to his honor.

Confucianism is the system of ethics which some writers have classed as one of the three religions of the Chinese people, the others being Buddhism and Taoism. It is, however, rather a philosophy than a religion, as the originator of it made a very slight acknowledgement of the possibility of the existence of any Divine Being, and, indeed, discouraged any speculations of the kind on the subject, which he considered as beyond the scope of human cognizance. His teaching was limited to the ethics of social and political life, and bears no slight resemblance in many respects to the modern utilitarian philosophy. In his system the material universe is regarded as eternal and self-sustaining, and all things as subject to inflexible laws in no need by necessity. So far as his conception of a supreme Power were to be ascertained, they were of a pantheistic kind; and the Shang-te, whose outward emblem is the visible firmament, is understood by most of the best Chinese expounders to be only "a verbal personification of the ever present law and order and intelligence which seems to breathe amidst the wonderful act vities of a physical creation."

There were, we taught, five principal virtues —universal charity, impartial justice, conformity to ceremonies and established usages, rectitude of heart and mind, and pure sincerity; and these fundamental laws to be observed—the l ws of relation between sovereign and subject, between father and child, and between husband and wife. The practice of these virtues and the observance of these laws would secure, he promised, the highest domestic peace, and the safety of society. In order that men might be prepared to understand and practice these duties, education was necessary and he established schools throughout the empire. Virtue, he maintained, was natural to the human mind, and would be developed by proper education, without the help of any spiritual or religious faith.

As he knew, he admitted, nothing about supernatural beings, he taught nothing about them; but they might have some reality, and therefore wise men would not openly oppose religious and ceremonial worship. He gave no encouragement to metaphysical speculations; for, as he felt compelled to accept the phenomena of the universe as facts, so he accepted the phenomena of the human mind, without being able to explain either. There were good and evil in the world, and all thoughtful men recognized the distinction between them. The duty of men was to accept and support the good and reject the bad, without perplexing themselves by inquiring how good or bad came about. Veneration of ancestors was strictly enjoined, and the emperor stated as occupying the position of father of his people; he, too, was to receive veneration and worship.

It has been said that Confucianism appeals to practical men; but, practical as the Chinese have been and are, they have a higher and more spiritual nature than they often felt that something more than the cold morality of the great teacher is required to satisfy the yearnings of the human soul. Accordingly the worship of the unseen form of Kong-fu-tse) are the five canonical books of the "Kings," and four others, "The Four Books," composed partly by Sewiedly and partly by his disciples. The proper name of Confucius was Kong, but his followers added the words "fu-tse," meaning master or teacher. He died 479 B. C.

Madame Swetchine—Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

—, Fremont, Mich.: Annie Sophie Swetchine was a celebrated lady of Russian society, who was born in 1782 and died in 1857. She became a Roman Catholic and removed to Paris. Her life and letters present a vivid picture of the celebrities and events of this period. We are unable to give any partic lars of her friendship with Madame Romandra Sbordzs. 2.—The old Continent is northern, and the greater portion has been lost or destroyed.

3. Sarah Margaret Fuller, Marchioness d' Ossoli, one of the most remarkable women of her time, was born at Cambridgeport, Mass., in 1810. At 8 years of age she wrote Latin verses; philosophy, history and aesthetics were her favorite studies later. After her father's death she aided her family by private teaching, and in 1839 she founded a society for ladies, before which body she lectured. From 1839 to 1844 she edited the *Dial*. Then she went to New York, by invitation of Horace Greeley, and contributed to the *Tribune* a series of articles on literature and art. In 1845 she published "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," in which she took advanced ground for woman's rights. She went to England in 1846, where she made the acquaintance of Carlyle. Going next to Rome, she met and married the Marquis d' Ossoli, in December, 1847. In 1850 she sailed for New York, and with her husband, but her vessel was wrecked July 16 in sight of New York, and all three were drowned.

French Politics.

Subscriber, Fulton, Kan.: 1.—The politics of France is quite complicated. First, are the Legitimists, who are those who adhere to the descendants of the old Bourbon dynasty, and hope to restore the monarchy; the Bonapartists, who hope to see the Napoleonic dynasty restored; the Republicans in the broad sense; and the communistic, or "Red" element. The Boulangists have been a prominent party for the past two or three years, and in the late campaign there was a practical combination of the Boulangists and the Legitimists under the name of "revisionists," because their leading demand was for a revision of the present constitution—the Fonlangists in the hope that they could elevate Boulanger to power, and the Legitimists looking for another revolution in that case, which they hoped might end in their advantage. 2.—We do not know who wrote the poem, nor where it can be found, beginning:

"When Rome in her imperial pride
With conquering banners all unfurled,
Had spread her lofty conquests wide
And sat sole empress of the world."

If any one will tell us we will publish the information. We do not desire to publish the poem, however. 3.—Tin is found in England, in Saxony and Bohemia, Spain and Portugal, Malacca and other neighboring islands, and in Dakota.

The Lamps of Gideon.

Student, Millvale:—It is probable that the "lamps" used by Gideon in the defeat of the Midianites were torches or flambeaux, such as are still carried in the East. The earthen vessel "ono" is still in requisition for the same purpose. Lane, in his "Modern Egypt," states that the Zahit, or Agha of the police at Cairo, carries with him at night a torch which burns soon after it is lighted without a flame, excepting when it is waved through the air, when it suddenly blazes forth; it, therefore, answers the same purpose as our dark lanterns. The burning end of the torch is sometimes concealed in a small pot or jar, or covered with something else when not required to give light." The torches used by Gideon were ignited, but the burning end was concealed in an earthen vessel. At a given signal this vessel was broken, the torches flamed out, the 300 men each blew a trumpet, giving the seeming evidence of a great host. The affrighted Midianites fell upon each other in their bewilderment, and all the killing, as they fled down the pass, was done by themselves, the followers of Gideon standing still with the torches in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands.

Lightning—Components of Glass.

Student, Epworth, Iowa: 1.—There is no such thing as "chain" lightning. The ordinary classification of the forms of the flash is forked zigzag, bolt, sheet and heat lightning. Sheet lightning has the appearance of a diffuse glare of light, sometimes illuminating the edges and sometimes the whole surface of clouds. It may be caused by a stroke of zigzag lightning at a great distance, sending its light through thicknesses of clouds, giving it a diffused appearance; or it may result from the passage to electricity of no great tension from particle of particle. Heat lightning is believ d to be produced in the latter way, and does not differ materially from sheet lightning. 2.—The fluctuations of domestic exchange between New York and Chicago, for instance, depend on the relative demand for money at the two points. 3.—The difference between glass used for optical purposes and other varieties of glass is in the composition "Crystal" glass, for optical purposes, consists of silica, boracic acid, potash and oxide of lead. White bottle glass contains silica, soda or potash, and lime. Window glass contains silica, potash or soda, lime and alumina. Plate glass, the same, only of much greater purity. The purity of the components, and their proportions, are factors of great importance in the finer qualities of glass.

Wyandotte Cave.

M. T., Russell, Iowa: Wyandotte Cave is in Crawford county, Ind., four miles from Leavenworth. It is 22 miles in extent, with a maximum width of 300 feet, and a height of 245 feet. It is dry, and while it contains a few narrow passages, for the most part he galleries are broad and high, and frequently expand into great rooms. The crystalline beauties of the formations is said to exceed that of those of the Mammoth Cave. The two largest halls are Mammoth Hall, 350 feet long by 245 feet high, and the Senate Chamber, in which is the Pillar of the Constitution, a stalacto-stalagmite about 25 feet in diameter and 40 feet high. Other interesting features are the White Cloud room, with its wave-like walls and ceiling coated with glistening crystals; Pillared Palace, with innumerable stalactites arranged in rich clusters; Beauty's Bower, where the walls are covered with gypsum rosettes as white as snow; the Snow Banks, formed of myriads of fine loose crystals of alabaster. In other rooms the stones are covered with fine, hair-like crystals of Epson salts, from one to two inches long. We do not know who discovered it, nor when.

Foreign Immigration.

C. F., Toledo, Ohio.: The total yearly number of foreign immigrants into the United States since 1881 is as follows:

1881	669,431	1885	395,346
1882	788,992	1886	334,203
1883	603,322	1887	490,109
1884	518,592	1888	646,889

2.—Aliens are expected to show, either that they have relatives or friends who will support them or that they are capable of obtaining their own living, and not become a burden on the community. 3.—It is difficult, in small compass, to state "the effects of immigration in this country." Aliens coming here generally adhere to their own ideas of social life, etc., and in communities where they are numerous they modify very greatly the manners and customs. A marked instance of this is seen in the laxity of Sunday observance, according to the American idea, in cities where there is a heavy European population.

John Y. Beale.

Subscriber, Mesa, A. T.: John Y. Beale was a young man belonging to one branch of a family prominent in both Maryland and Virginia. He had high social position and was well known in Washington circles. He was arrested in 1864 as a spy, and tried by a military commission. It was clearly proved that he acted as an emissary between the rebel government at Richmond and Thompson, Benjamin and other rebels then located in Canada; he was accordingly found guilty and condemned to death. Very strong pressure was brought upon President Lincoln to commute his sentence, by persons high in Washington society, and even by Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, whose daughter was a friend of Beale's. The proofs of guilt were so clear, however, that the President refused, and Beale was hanged. Your second question has been handed to the Farm editor.

The Crucifixion Again.

A. D. B., Jackson Center, O.: 1-2.—You do not seem to understand what we presumed everybody to know, viz.: that the Jewish Sabbath was, and is, Saturday, not Sunday, and that Sunday is the first day of the week. The 1st verse of Matthew xxviii says: "In the end of the Sabbath" (that is, the end of Saturday) "as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week" (that is, early on Sunday morning) "came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre," and found the Lord risen. The Jews still celebrate their Sabbath on Saturday. Christians celebrate Sunday, because it is the day of the Lord's resurrection.

3.—If the walls of a high building are built by a plumb-line, they are further apart at the top than at the bottom, theoretically; but the difference would be too small, even in the highest human structure, for us to measure it.

"H. H."—Rising and Sinking of Shores.

H. C., Cotton Valley, La.: 1.—Helen Hunt, afterwards Mrs. Jackson, was a well known American authoress, who wrote over the initials "H. H." She was born in Amherst, Mass., in 1831, and died at San Francisco in 1885. Her novel of "Ramona" led to the establishment of the Ramona Indian school for girls in California.

2.—There is a constant, though very slow change going on in several parts of the earth, some sinking and others rising. It is a fact that the eastern shore of the United States, from Cape Cod to the capes of Virginia, is slowly sinking. The same is true of Florida. The peninsula of Norway and Sweden is rising. It is believed that the bed of the Pacific has been sinking for several centuries, but it is not known whether this movement has ceased or not.

The United States Debt.

F. V., Toledo, O., asks: "What was the debt of the United States at the time of Harrison's inauguration, and what is it at the present date?" The question is not clear, because it does not specify whether you mean the "debt less cash in the treasury" or the bonded debt. The "debt less cash in the treasury," at the two dates, according to the monthly debt statement, stood as follows:

March 1, 1889	$1,128,289,318	
October 1, 1889	1,116,599,959	

The total principal and interest of the bonded debt, according to the same authority, was as follows, at the dates named:

March 1, 1889	$931,354,217
October 1, 1889	872,502,261

Idaho and Wyoming.

J. H. H., Princeton, Ky.: Wyoming is a Republican territory. The vote for Delegate to Congress in 1888 was as follows:

Carey, Republican	10,451
Organ, Democrat	7,557
Republican majority	2,894

2.—Idaho is also Republican. Its vote for Delegate in Congress in 1888 was as follows:

Dubois, Republican	8,151
Buck, Independent Republican	1,458
Hawley, Democrat	6,404
Dubois's plurality	1,747

3.—We are not in a position to know whether there are any valuable farming lands open to homesteading in Kansas north of Smoky Hill Fork. Write to the Register of the U. S. Land office at Wa Keeney or Oberlin, Kansas.

Slavery in the North—Homesteading.

F. E. K., Monett, Mo.: 1.—It is very difficult to arrive at the real number of slaves held in any Northern state. Connecticut had 2,759 in 1790, and Pennsylvania 3,737. New York adopted gradual emancipation in 1799, having then over 20,000. All slaves in that state were freed on July 4, 1827. New Jersey adopted gradual emancipation in 1804; she had 11,423 in 1790. No slaves were ever held in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

2.—The fees for homestead entry vary from a minimum of $7 to a maximum of $34 for the entire tract. 3.—The homestead laws give the right to pre-empt 160 acres of land at $1.50 an acre, or 80 acres at $2.50 an acre. If you homestead a less area, we believe it is allowable for you to homestead enough additional to make up your quota.

Grant's Veto of the Equalization Bill.

J. W. P., Meehan, Wis.: President Grant vetoed the equalization of pensions bill on the ground that, in the state of the national finances at that time, it was inexpedient and impracticable to incur so vast an obligation. No one ever questioned his sincerity in this matter. There were 2,200,000 enlistments in the Union army, and it was carefully estimated that the average amount granted to each man by this bill was $100. This would have required $220,000,000 to pay the soldiers, and it was impracticable then to do so. We have not the full text of his veto message, but it is not necessary to take the requisite space to print it, as the above contains the facts.

West Virginia.

A. C., Athens, O.: From the outbreak of the civil war the people of West Virginia had been opposed to secession and they persisted in refusing to place themselves under the rule of the confederate government and of the state of Virginia, which had seceded. June 11, 1861, representatives from about 40 of the western counties of Virginia met in convention at Wheeling, and on the 17th they declared West Virginia independent of the rest of the tate and elected Frank Pierpontgovernor. December 31, 1862, Congress passed an act admitting West Virginia into the union as a separate state, and it took its place as a state June 20, 1863.

"Tad" Lincoln's Death.

Subscriber, New Lisbon, writes: "Will you please tell me where Tad Lincoln died, of what disease, and also his age? Have heard that he died in a inebriate asylum."

It seems incredible that such a bald lie could ever have been started. "Tad" Lincoln died in 1863, in the White House, of diphtheria, we think; he was a little boy, only nine years old.

Hickory-Nut Oil.

L. C. H., N. Y.: To make hickory-nut oil, take a sufficient quantity of the kernels—one or two quarts; beat up fine in a mortar; sew in a stout muslin bag; place them over a kettle of boiling water, until thoroughly steamed—an hour will be sufficient; then put in a lard-press, or similar press, and extract the oil by pressure. We have no knowledge of its effects in preventing hair from falling out, or as a remedy for baldness.

Miscellaneous.

E. G. H., Fremont: Any bookseller can order the book for you.

G., Ashtabula, O.: The largest United States arsenal is that at Springfield, Mass.

H. A. H., Tekonsha, Mich.: We can not give addresses, either in this column or by mail.

A. S., Bloomington, Ill.: The remains of Christopher Columbus are now at Genoa, Italy.

H. W., Lancaster, O.: The negro population of the United States is estimated at 10,000,000.

B. A. D., Athens, Tenn.: We certainly believe in the co-education of the sexes, for many different reasons.

M. C., Watertown, Dak.: Gladys is a girl's name, of Welsh origin, and is said to mean "a countrywoman."

Subscriber, Fayetteville: Unmarried women vote at all elections in England except for members of Parliament.

S. B., Taylor, Iowa: Write to the publisher, whose name was given in the review of the book printed in the BLADE.

J. D. Mc., Cedar Bluffs, Kan.: The last total eclipse of the sun which was visible in the United States, was on August 7, 1869.

M. C., ——: Your question can not be answered without giving a free advertisement to the concern you ask about. See Rule 5 above.

Student, Hamilton, O.: It is probable that when Victoria dies, and the Prince of Wales becomes king, he will assume the title of Albert I.

W. C. W., Westerville, O.: Look up the law on petit larceny in the Revised Statutes of Ohio, of which every lawyer or justice of the peace has a copy.

Soldier, Dayton, O.: The registered state militia of the United States is 99,201. The number of men available for military duty in case of war is 8,311,227.

R. H. A., Hillsdale, Mich.: We do not know where the play can be obtained. Better apply to some person engaged in its representation at the time you mention.

M. C., Osyka, Miss.: Chicago, since the recent additions, covers 174 square miles. It is 24 miles from north to south and averages 8 miles from east to west.

If any BLADE reader can give the origin of the term "cracker," as applied to a class of poor whites in Georgia, we will be obliged if he will furnish it for publication.

C. C., Cottonwood, Montana: "Money Musk" is the title of an old dance-tune, found in most collections of violin music. We never heard of a piece for recitation by that name.

P. M. G., Rockford, Ill.: Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, wrote "Hail Columbia" in 1798, after an air entitled "The President's March," composed in 1789 by a German named Feyles.

M. M., Jamaica Plain, Mass.: The percentage of persons unable to read and write in England is 33; Ireland, 46; Scotland, 16; France, 30; Germany, 12; Austria, 49; Italy, 75; Russia, 61.

P. G., Dutton, Mich.: We think it was Gen. Sidney Johnston, of the Confederate army, who at the battle of Shiloh remarked that he and his officers would "water their horses in the Tennessee river at sundown."

B. H. S., Delavan, Ill.: We cannot publish a list of names suitable for a granddaughter's class. Take the lists of Latin and other foreign quotations in Webster's or Worcester's unabridged dictionary, and make a selection.

G. C., Meriden, Kan.: The article on "Jerusalem" in the Weekly BLADE of Aug. 29 was an extract from a letter by F. G. Carpenter, a newspaper correspondent who is making the tour of the world. It is impossible to give his address.

E., ——, Michigan: As a rule a husband can not make a will which gives away his children's property without her consent; but every case depends largely upon its particular circumstances, and a good lawyer's advice should always be taken.

Citizen, Urbana, O.: Foreigners can vote in the following states by simply declaring their intention to become citizens: Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Oregon, Texas and Wisconsin.

E. H., Syracuse, N. Y.: So long as a couple are not divorced, the legal widow and children, if any, inherit his property, no matter how long they have been separated. Such questions should not be sent to us, however. Always consult a good lawyer, and take his advice.

Miss D., Sandusky, O.: You have fallen into a very common error of attributing the saying, "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," to the Scriptures. There is no such sentence in Holy Writ. But in Proverbs, xii, 10, we read, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

Hermit, Bath, Ill.: The lines you quote, "I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way,"

are the opening lines of a poem which can be found in many church hymn books. It is not part of a novel.

Subscriber, Horse Cave, Ky.: We do not recall the recipe for an artificial sea bath. It is impossible for us to find articles published in back numbers unless the date is given. Any druggist can order sea-salt for you. It comes in pound packages, and each package has directions for preparing the bath.

T. T., St. Thomas, Pembina: 1.—The Mannlicher rifle is the new arm of the Austrian army. It is a magazine gun; we are not certain as to its calibre, but think it is 40. 2.—Some varieties of smokeless powder are sold in America, and you should be able to order it through some dealer in ammunition. See Rule 3 above.

C. A. E., Abner, Tenn.: 1.—Gen R. L. McCook is buried in Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati, and his monument stands in Washington park, in that city. 2.—The railway mail clerks who were in the service at the time the civil service rules were extended so as to cover that branch, do not have to be examined by the civil service commission.

R. E. G., Fulton county, Ind.: The bond was issued 1847, and no doubt is worthless now. However, you might write a letter of inquiry to Hon. Wm A. Wright, Comptroller-General, Atlanta, Ga., and ascertain. Why did you not send your name, according to Rule 1? If you desire answers, you might have the common courtesy to comply with the rules.

W. A. H., Reedsville, O.: 1.—Each molecule of nitrous oxide, or "laughing gas," is composed of one atom of nitrogen and one of oxygen. It should not be inhaled unless made by some one perfectly acquainted with the method of purifying it. 2.—A bladder would not hold enough gas for any extended experiment. A gas-holder is better. 3.—The "blocks of five" letter was explained in the Bureau a few weeks ago.

M. L., Kingsley, Mich.: We do not deal in old coins, and do not want to buy any. We cannot publish addresses of coin dealers in this column, because it would be free advertising. The half-cent of 1805 sells for 4 cents. The nickel of 1883, without the word "cents," bears no premium. There is no market for the tokens and medals you describe, nor have any of the foreign coins you mention any value to collectors beyond their intrinsic worth.

T. H. D., Grayaville, O.: The first railroad in the United States was built in 1826. It was designed to carry granite from the quarries at Quincy, Mass., to the nearest tide-water. It was four miles long and five-foot gauge. 2.—The term "negro exodus" has been applied to to several large emigrations of negroes from different Southern states to Western and other points. The Ohio school laws recognize Thanksgiving day, Christmas, New Year and July 4 as legal holidays. If one of these comes in a vacation we do not think the teacher entitled to the benefit.

Society in New York.

Society in New York differs from that in all other cities in America, as does that of Paris from all others in France. It is the great, rich metropolis, the "carpet bag city," the town to which the rich people of all the world tend, that is, of the American world (not to speak of its being a great German city, a great French city, and a great cosmopolitan jumble of all the nationalities of the world). Behind this glittering kaleidescope still remains the fact that New York has an old aristocracy, some of whose members are still rich, and still in the fashion. More of them are poor, but proud, and some of them shut their honest doors in the arrogant faces of the purse-proud "nouveaux riches."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER

FOR 25 YEARS I have used Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer, and it is the only medicine which relieves my cough.—Peter Edel, Gloversville, N. Y. Price, 25c. 50c. and $1 per bottle.

ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

LITTLE ME.

[Judge.]

They say I have a pretty face,
And compliment my hair;
My carriage symbolizes grace
My parents both declare;
But many beaux prance up the way
To visit Daisy Lee,
While no one ever stops to say
A word to little me.

There's Gracie Smith, she meets a score
Of fellows every night;
She's twenty-six or eight, or more,
And dresses like a fright;
But if I take the air at noon,
Or do a ball or tea,
The men seem anxious not to spoon
Or chat with little me.

I am not old, I am not lean,
I'm neither pale nor red;
I cannot decorate a screen,
Or bake the family bread;
My style is excellent, I think,
My *dot* would ample be,
But no man seems to care to link
His fate with little me.

I've thought it over many days
And still my heart is sore;
None but the postman finds it pays
To ring at our front door;
The last, last leaf I see in dreams
On my ancestral tree;
For looking so like me, it seems,
Has settled little me!

AN OUTDOOR COSTUME.

A pretty toilette for outdoor is shown in the illustration. The foundation skirt of this toilette, made of fine mousseline-delaine, is hidden by a second jupe laid in fine accordion pleats. The full, flowered fronts of the bodice are trimmed with

a corselet of guipere embroidery, and the back with revers of the same going up to the shoulders, a small pleated part of the plain stuff being put in between and finished off with a ribbon sash. Small gold buttons fasten the sleeves, made with puffs at the tops, up to the elbow. A hat of coarse brown fancy straw trimmed with a foulard scarf is worn, or one of black straw and feathers with the dark costume, as shown.

TAKING BEES TO BLOSSOMS.

The Annual Going from Village to Where the Wild Heather Blooms.

Scots Observer.

As soon as the first yellow tint begins to show on the oats, the village beeman of the Borderland thinks it time his skeps were away to the moorland, for then the flower harvest is almost over, and the heather is coming into bloom. He has been making preparations for months in anticipation of an event of importance to his pocket and associated in his mind with mystery and romance. A few bee-keepers are so fortunately placed that they can convey to skeps by train, and it was once common to employ donkeys. The long cart, borrowed from a neighboring farmer, is now most generally used. It is brought down after dark, when the bees, after the completion of their day's work, have retired for the night, and the owner has foiled their egress with a piece of perforated tin. Where a number of villagers have each a hive or two, they combine to employ several carts, and the scene before departure is very animated.

When all is ready the procession moves off along the dark road, rendered darker by the elms on either side, but the villagers let it be as late as possible for the sake of coolness, and also that day may break before they come to the path perilous among the hills. At dawn the summer angler, as he is casting his first fly on the hill stream, and wondering as he does so whether rain or sunshine is portended by the nightcap on the hill and the ribbons of the mist waving above the pine tree, will catch a view of the carts slowly rumbling along a wheel track midway between the woody slope and the water. Men and horses all look tired and draggled, but their journey is at an end. A few more miles more and the welcome salutation of the shy dogs in the glen, which see strangers so seldom, will announce the end of their labors. In a very brief space of time the hives are placed on their stands within a disused sheep fold, and the bees are let out.

After one sweep round, in which they seem to take their bearings, the industrious and business-like insects settle down to work, and within an incredibly short space of time they may be seen returning with their burdens. It is usual to pay the shepherd a small sum—half a crown or so—to keep an eye on the skeps, and I have counted from 600 to 1,000 under one man's charge. The field of heather, extending over many thousand acres, is visited by the convoy, and old hands will tell at once by the very hue of it if there is any honey; if the night has been dewy, however, and the morning balmy, one's boots are not infrequently wet while walking through it. On such a day the stream of bees from the fold to the heath is so large and continuous as almost to darken the air; and so intent on their work are they that, like men in a hurry, they will hustle against any obstacle, with this difference, however, that, while the person to be the obstacle is sure to be stung.

Yet it requires all their industry, for the harvest is a very brief one. When the autumnal winds are driving before them the first shower of withered leaves, when the harvest wages have been paid and the kirn dance held, when the children are beginning to look for blackberry and hazel nut, the beekeepers will come back for their hives. Gloomily they will travel home in mist and rain if the season has been cold and the skeps are empty; but far other will they fare if the season has been good and 20-pound tops are common, while there are top swarms that will turn the scale at 40.

A Steam Servant Girl.

Mrs. W. A. Cockran, of Shelbyville, Ind., has placed her name on the roll with the great inventors of the world, the result of her genius being a practical dishwashing machine. She began experimenting ten years ago. Her husband left her financially unable for a number of years to complete her undertaking. By the aid of friends, however, she finally succeeded, and has a machine designed to do the work now done by the thousands of girls and women the land over. The machine is wonderful and intricate. It is made in different sizes, for family and hotel purposes. It is also made both for hand and steam power, and is capable of washing, scalding, rinsing and drying from five to twenty dozen dishes, of all shapes and sizes, in two minutes, the number, of course, depending on the size of the machine. Mrs. Cockan has recently disposed of her invention to an Illinois manufacturing firm for a large sum, and will receive a good royalty on all machines sold.

Cracks in Pretty Woman's Lips.

Early in the autumn the winds cause fissures or cracks in the lips that are not only extremely unpleasant to look upon, but are exquisitely painful, and by touching them with your tongue you intensify the pain very much. Go to the drug shop, and get there an old remedy, so old that it has the charm of novelty. It rejoices in an overpowering Latin name, but when you ask the druggist for it in English, say you want citron cream; apply this with your fingers, or a soft linen cloth, and the cooling and healing result that will follow will convince you that even in medicine sometimes old things are best.

Marriage Not a Failure!

Thomasville Enterprise.

"I pronounce you man and wife," said Judge Mitchell in his office Wednesday morning to Miss Sallie Stephens and Mr. Dellie Myrick, a couple who had stepped into the judge's office to be made one.

And they walked down stairs, up the street and out into the broad and glorious country, where the birds were singing, the golden harvest being gathered, and the little rills singing on their way to the sea; where the sky was blue and the air pure; where the wild flowers were blooming; where the gentle breezes were whispering through the pines; where the aroma of new-mown hay permeated the surroundings; where the song of the reaper was heard; where grazing herds were seen; where the sunlight danced through the overhanging boughs; where the green grass—nature's carpet—was spread out; where field and forest and hill and dale alternated; where the husbandman tilled the fields; where flower-bordered paths meandered through wooded lawns and where Dame Nature opened wide her arms to receive her children. Happy rural couple!

WHAT SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.

Your name on this useful article for marking linen, cake cards, etc., 25c. Agents' sample, 15c. Club of eight, $1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

RIDGE'S FOOD

The Most Reliable Food For Infants & Invalids. *Not a medicine, but a specially prepared Food,* adapted to the weakest stomach. 4 sizes cans. Pamphlet free. Wm. Ridge & Co. (on every label), *Palmer, Mass.*

LADIES CAUTION! An old Advertisement of ——— and circulars are being extensively copied, both in gold and silver wording, by advertisers who seem to be devoid of principle, and, as a recent advertisement reads, "as coming from one MARION WALKER, of Louisville, Ky., may probably mislead, (having all semblance of our own) we desire to say that we have no connection, and it is contrary to our business principles to draw money from unsuspecting women. We have no interest in, and refer to no other than to protect ourselves against simulation.

EMORY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS Wanted. Bottled Electricity pays $50 a day. Ad. Box 143, Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agents $10 a day SURE; new rubber undergarment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples, worth $2.15, free. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich

$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for anyone or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

WANTED a few persons in each place to do writing at home. Enclose stamp for 100 page book with particulars to J. H. Woodbury, Station E, New York City, N. Y.

WE EMPLOY LADY AGENTS

Child's Reform Waists, Skirt—Elastic Substitute for Dress Supporter, etc. New goods. Our agent at Austin, Minn. made $75 in 10 days. LADIES SUPPLY CO., 287 W. Washington St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—Handy Vegetable Peeler, new and durable; pays $300 per cent for handling; circulars free; sample, by mail, 10 cents. Pratt Manufacturing Co., Dept. 767, Boston, Mass.

$60 SALARY $40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE to salesmen to introduce our goods; steady employment; home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties, delivering and making collections. No postal cards. Address, with stamp, HAFER & CO., Piqua, O.

AGENTS WANted on and Women in every part of the country to handle fast-selling books published. $75.00 to $200.00 per month. Permanent employment. RAPID PROMOTION. Write at once for particulars. Address, LLOYD & BRIGHT, Chicago, Ill., or Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE! 1000 WATCHES! To agents who will introduce our Watches and Jewelry at a Watch Party. Send your address and 3 cent stamp and be convinced. WM. WILLIAMS, 121 Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

MANAGERS WANTED Everywhere to take charge of our business, advertising and employ help. Wages $50 to $125 per month. Expenses advanced. State experience. Wages expected. Answer your reference if you want a position. ELDER & CO., Manufacturers, 224 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Story of Man A History of the Human Race, by the famous author, J. W. Buel. A book that the whole world wants. Nothing like it. Beats everything. Salary and commission to agents. Write for full particulars. Historical Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEST MADE FOUNTAIN $1.50 STYLO. $1.00 AND UPWARDS PENS Agents Wanted. Circulars Free. J. W. Ulrich & Co 108 & 108 Liberty st., N. Y.

$500 A YEAR GUARANTEED Salary, and commission to Agents. Will pay $500 a year and expenses to a good Canvasser in each County for the HISTORICAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. Business permanent and will bear investigation. $500 a year. Canvassers preferred. Experience unnecessary. Satisfactory references given. Write for particulars. HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS LOOK HERE and Farmers with no experience make $2.50 an hour during spare time. A. D. BATES, 164 W. Robbins Ave., Covington, Ky. $21 one day, $81 one week. So can you. Proofs and catalogue free. J. E. SHEPARD & Co., Cincinnati, O.

DR. CHASE'S New and Complete RECEIPT BOOK AND HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN. The great work of his life. Nearly 900 pages. The greatest selling book in the world to-day. Big terms to agents. Send 10 cents in English or German. Mention this paper. F. B. DICKERSON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR My Story of the War, by FOUR YE

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S splendid story, "The Demagogue," now running; with Prof. EBERS'S Biblical story of "Joshua," just begun; and with Mr. KNOX'S "Teetotaller Dick" in anticipation, not one subscriber whose time expires this fall should fail to renew. At the low price of only a dollar for so good a paper as THE BLADE, it is a sin to let it stop. On the contrary, every one should not only renew his subscription, but should send one or more new subscribers at the same time.

You will find it extremely easy to do this. Send for our special terms to agents, and raise us a club. We will pay you *big money* for it. Read the announcement elsewhere in this page, entitled, "Raise Clubs," and send for our confidential terms to agents. As an aid in raising it, send us the names of persons whom you think may be brought to subscribe, and we will send each one a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the opening chapters of "Teetotaller Dick." And, furthermore, *don't fail* to renew your subscriptions.

THE PROHIBITION STRUGGLES OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

The elections in North and South Dakota and Washington, on October 1, and in Connecticut on October 7, closed the efforts of the year 1889 to incorporate Prohibition as part of the state constitutions of various commonwealths. The result of the year's campaign has been the success of Prohibition in North and South Dakota, and its defeat in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Washington. It at once strikes the observer that in the manufacturing states of the East the Prohibition idea is yet largely in the minority, and that it is successful only in the agricultural states of the West. The states which have constitutional Prohibition are five, viz: Maine, Iowa, Kansas, and the two Dakotas; but local option has redeemed the larger portions of nearly all the Southern states, which, it is to be remembered, are largely agricultural in their character.

New Hampshire also has Prohibition, but it is statutory, not constitutional. The struggle in that state was to incorporate it into the organic law, which proposition was defeated. This action did not affect the state prohibitory law, which remains in full force. Hence she may be counted among the agricultural states which adhere to the principle of Prohibition.

Massachusetts has a very stringent local option and high license law, and the defeat of the amendment there is to be attributed to two things—the strength of the Rum-drinking element among the city population, especially in the manufacturing cities, and the feeling among a large part of the better classes of the community that the local option and high license law is a better thing for the state, all things considered, than constitutional Prohibition, which was sure to have been a dead letter in the larger cities, especially where there is any considerable percentage of the population of foreign birth or immediate foreign descent.

Practically the same factors led to the defeat of the amendment in Pennsylvania. The Brooks high license law had recently been enacted, and as its first result was to largely reduce the number of saloons, and in the cities to wipe out entirely the lowest dives and doggeries, there was a strong feeling in favor of giving it a longer test. In Rhode Island, with its very small farming area, and its cities and villages busy hives of industry, the Prohibitory amendment that had been added to the constitution three years ago was unenforced, and, in the state of public sentiment, impossible of thorough enforcement, in the cities. Hence its repeal.

Connecticut had a prohibitory law, passed in 1854, which remained upon the statute books for some twenty years, when it was repealed, and a local option and high license measure substituted, which is still in force. Connecticut is a manufacturing state, and the urban population outvoted the rural residents on the 7th, the prohibitory amendment being defeated by some 27,000 majority. About one-third of the voters of the state favored it; the other two-thirds opposed it. It is a notable fact that several of the rural "towns," (i. e., townships, which are in Connecticut the most important subdivisions of the state, their powers, etc., being similar to those of counties in the West) voted against the amendment, although they voted for "no license"—the anomaly being explained by the fact that under the prohibition amendment the farmers would have been debarred from making cider, which they were not under the local option license law.

One feature worthy of note in most of the Prohibition contests this year, is that they were uncomplicated with a political campaign. In New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, the vote on the amendment was held at a special election, distinct from the political contests. In the Dakotas and Washington, the vote was at the same time as the election at which the new state constitutions were voted upon, and state officers elected; but the Prohibitory article to the constitution in each was voted upon separately. Party lines were not drawn on the amendments, and in all cases the test was a fair one, the decisions being made outside of partisan considerations and on the square issue of Prohibition.

Note again that the rural residents—the agricultural population—voted largely for Prohibition, while the cities, especially those which are manufacturing or mining centers, heavily opposed it. Hence, in the agricultural states, Prohibition wins its victories, and goes down in defeat in those which have heavy city populations—the manufacturing and commercial states. The net result of the year's series of contests has been the adding of the two Dakotas to the Prohibition column. From the Canadian line southward to Texas there is a wide belt almost entirely Prohibition—the Dakotas, Iowa, and the Indian Territory; only Nebraska remains to win yet to make the division between the East and the West complete, from Texas to British America.

A careful consideration of the matter compels the conviction that the effort to incorporate Prohibition in the various state constitutions in the Eastern portions of the United States was precipitated too early—that there was not a sufficient education of the people up to the point of seeing clearly that the only real remedy for the evils of Rum is through absolute Prohibition. It is a distinct injury to the cause to precipitate a struggle before there is a reasonable assurance of victory. Just now the tide of popular feeling runs in the direction of high license and restrictive legislation. That this will prove to be no settlement of the question is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. So long as the saloon is allowed to exist, so long is one of the most powerful temptations that beset mankind placed before every one, especially the rising generation.

We deplore the wasted effort of the past year in the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. It has been an effort to build the structure before laying a proper foundation. A Prohibitory provision in a state constitution is simply a mockery, unless it has a solid majority of the people backing it up, and insisting upon its strict enforcement. A law is valueless unless the moral sense of the masses strongly favors it. The Sunday laws in cities with heavy foreign populations are examples in point. Hence all effort should be simply educational at first, and this work of first bringing the people to a realization of the curse of Rum, and, second, to the clear understanding that there is but one effective and satisfactory method of dealing with that curse—to crush it by Prohibition—must be tirelessly kept up until there is a decided majority committed to it.

Then, and not till then, is the time ripe to strike for Prohibition. Meanwhile, it is the part of wisdom to favor any step, no matter what, that hampers or restricts the traffic in any way. It is better to have a mad dog chained than to have him run loose. High license is better than free Rum; and when the people realize, through bitter experience, that the evils of the Rum traffic are not remedied through its means, they will be the more ready to join the hosts of Prohibition in the effort to crush the traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch.*

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for THE BLADE during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take THE BLADE, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first installment of Mr. KNOX'S new story, announced elsewhere. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE STOVE SUITS HIM.

We are glad to publish the letter given below, from a gentleman at Pomeroy, Ohio, who raised a club of twenty subscribers for the Weekly BLADE and obtained a Blade cook stove as a premium therefor. Read it, and then "go thou and do likewise!" Under date of October 12 he writes:

Have received the stove sent me. It has been set up and in use for several days, and I must say that it is most satisfactory in every respect. The premium is more than worth the time spent in soliciting the club of twenty subscribers. Very truly,

J. H. HUNTLEY.

GENERAL GEORGE CLINTON, the first governor of New York, a Democrat, occupied that position for six consecutive terms of three years each—eighteen years in all.

His nephew, DEWITT CLINTON, a Democrat, occupied the same office for four successive terms of three years each (from 1816 to 1828.)

Governor ENGLISH, a Democrat, was nominated for that position five successive times and was elected for three consecutive terms.

All of which goes to show that our Democratic brethren are not worrying about "third terms," when the candidate happens to be of their own political faith.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY has always favored giving government aid to steamships sailing to South America, and since the arrival of the delegates to the Pan-American Congress some of the Democratic newspapers have been advocating that course. The Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle*, about the Democracy of which there can be no question, in discussing this question of government aid, says: "We hope we may be permitted to express ourselves favorably without being subjected to the imputation of being false either to the South of the past or present." It will now be in order for the mugwump press to read the *Chronicle* out of the Democratic party.

THE free traders have insisted that our iron and steel manufacturers can never hope to export their products on account of the blighting influences of the protective tariff. And yet the record shows that in the seven months ended July 31, 1889, the country's exports of iron and steel amounted in value to $12,700,732—an increase of $2,000,000 over the corresponding period last year. Mr. CAMPBELL might make a note of this when he next remarks upon tariff reform.

THE Australian voting system gives satisfaction wherever it has been tested in this country. It was tried first at a ward election in Minneapolis some three weeks ago. On October 7 it worked splendidly at the Connecticut election. On the 8th it was approved at a city election in Chattanooga. Massachusetts will try it on November 5, next, and within a year we will see the system spread to other states.

ENGLISH newspapers are much exercised over the hospitality being extended to the Pan-American Congress by our government. They see that the result of the Congress may be a transfer of the South American trade from England to the United States. Well, that is just what we expect, and our cousins across the water may as well make up their minds to it.

AT the Pittsburg Exposition, a plant is in operation, manufacturing the first tin plate that has been made in this country for over twenty years. If Congress will put a proper duty on it, a flourishing industry will spring up in the United States, and we will be able to get our tin as cheap, if not cheaper, than at present.

Now that the constitutionality of Iowa's prohibition law has been affirmed in all its particulars, that state may be considered as "Extra Dry."

WHAT MR. MILLS WILL DO.

Mr. ROGER Q. MILLS has already outlined the plan of the Democracy in the next House and has announced the determination of the opposition that the Republicans will not be allowed to pass a single measure without their consent. His utterances are so clear and apparently authoritative that it is well to give them, so that he can be placed on record. He says:

For instance, you may depend upon it that the rules of the House will not be changed by the Republican majority in any essential feature. We do not propose to permit them to be changed, as is desired by Mr. Reed and others, in any particular feature. Nor will we permit any of the proposed legislation looking to a control by Congress of the elections, for we see very plainly what the purpose of that is. The same can be said of the contest cases that will will come up before Congress. We do not propose to let the Republican majority to be further increased ad libitum by throwing out Democratic members, as seems to be the purpose. In other words, we propose to exercise control of the House just as much as though we were still in the majority, because we know our minority is strong enough to make us the virtual rulers.

Isn't Mr. MILLS rather too previous in attempting the role of a dictator? Does he realize that the Republicans, now that the elections have taken place in the new states, will have a good working majority, and that it will not be in the power of Mr. MILLS and his fellow Democrats to stop them if they choose to make changes which seem desirable; to turn out Democratic members who received their certificates of election by fraud, and put in their places Republicans who were elected, but were counted out?

When justice is done in this respect Mr. MILLS will discover that the Democratic minority is not strong enough to make it a virtual ruler.

Besides Mr. MILLS may not be permitted by his party associates to be their leader on the floor of the House. His attempted leadership in the last Congress was a lamentable failure, and caused great dissatisfaction among members who did not care to accept his dictum as law. The protection Democrats accuse him and CARLISLE of being responsible for the party defeat because of his free trade tariff bill, and is it likely that they are going to follow blindly at his beck and call in the future? Mr. MILLS was a bad general in the last Congress, and it is not likely that his methods have been improved. He never could hold his forces together, and with many new recruits, some of whom are independent in their modes of thought and action, and others who are positively opposed to his extreme views upon the tariff, he will not be able to present a united party front except on rare occasions.

Still it is well that Mr. MILLS has spoken. He has given the Republicans a warning of what they may expect. He has always been in the habit of boasting of what he and the Democratic party would do but, singularly enough, his assertions have failed of verification. Mr. MILLS can talk, that's all.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE DEMOCRATS of Virginia must be very much frightened when they beg RIDDLEBERGER and other dissatisfied Republicans to help them defeat Gen. MAHONE. It looks now as if the little general could hold his own against the combination and win the governorship of the Old Dominion. He pays no attention to the decision of the Democratic committee to conduct the campaign on the race issue exclusively, but wherever he goes he makes protection the burden of his speeches. So great an impression has he made in the southwestern part of the state that Capt. MCKINNEY, the Democratic candidate, has left for that section under the orders of his executive committee, having canceled all his other engagements.

THE ballot reform law passed by the last legislature of Tennessee has been declared unconstitutional by the Chancery court because it fails to provide for voting for illiterates, and thus practically prescribes an educational qualification, which can only be done by constitutional amendment. It is quite probable that the Bourbons knew the law was not sound, and only passed it to get the reputation of favoring ballot reform.

OUR NEW STORY.

The last issue of the New York *Critic*, a high-class weekly literary review, has, in notes about authors, the following concerning THE BLADE'S new story, "Teetotaller Dick:"

Thomas W. Knox is engaged upon a temperance serial, publication of which will be commenced in the Toledo BLADE in December. Col. KNOX has been making, for several years, a study of the drink question in all its phases, and will embody the results of his researches in the forthcoming story.

THE opposition papers are making a great cry over the fact that Indianapolis went Democratic at its recent election. The plain fact is that party lines were not drawn, and the result turned upon purely local issues. The people were dissatisfied with the existing city government, both as to its personnel and to its methods, and they voted against it. That's all.

THE Grand Army seems to have taken up the movement to secure the removal of General GRANT'S remains from New York to the beautiful government cemetery at Arlington. Earnest resolutions favoring this project were recently passed by John A. Reynolds Post at Washington. Arlington is the proper resting place for the greatest general of the war.

GEORGIA AND KANSAS both have laws providing severe penalties for the selling of cigarettes to minors, and now Iowa wants a law of that kind. The trouble is that these laws are not enforced, and the boys smoke the cigarettes just the same.

A WIDOW in Detroit has sued a man for $5,000 for kissing her against her will. It seems to us that she has placed her figure altogether too high for second-hand goods.

OHIO FINANCES.

There is no topic of state control of more vital interest to the tax-payers than the management of the finances. The men out of whose pockets comes the money to pay Ohio's expenses are deeply concerned in knowing that its expenditure is managed with honesty and the strictest economy. Governor FORAKER, in a speech a day or two ago, took up the matter of state finances, and gave the following brief exposition of the management under HOADLY, and a comparative statement of his own, which should be pasted in the hat of every tax-payer for frequent reference between now and election day. The governor said:

When Governor Foster went out of office everything was in first-class condition. There was a surplus in the treasury of over $500,000 and no outstanding obligations. When I went into office I did not find any surplus, but instead I found a net cash deficiency of over $1,400,000, and Governor Hoadly had by advance drafts appropriated $550,000 which was due to my administration; he had not only used up all the money that belonged to him, but had drawn over half a million of dollars that my administration was entitled to, and he left $982,000 of unpaid appropriations and not a dollar to pay them with except out of the revenue that belonged to me.

Now, if you think this statement is too strong, just remember that it was made by a Democratic auditor of state, Mr. Kinsewetter.

The governor proceeded to present figures showing what had been done during his administration to reduce the tax rate. At the commencement of his administration there were bonds of the state outstanding to the amount of $4,220,000; to-day there are $2,796,000. Moreover those outstanding have been refunded at 3 per cent, while they were originally 4 and 6 per cent. When his administration began the state paid out every year as interest on its bonds $213,000 a year, while now the interest is but $83,000 a year.

Not only has the public debt been reduced by $1,400,000, but various public institutions have been built, such as the Soldiers' Home at Sandusky, which cost $500,000, and over $700,000 has been spent in completing the insane asylum at Toledo. Despite these extraordinary expenses, which no other administration had to meet, and despite the deficiency and debt created by HOADLY, the tax rate has actually been reduced, making it lower than it has been since 1840, and at the end of the present appropriation year there will be surpluses in every fund. It is well, in the clamor the Democrats are raising about other far less important matters, to keep the solid benefits of Republican administration before the people.

THE WAY THE BLADE'S PATRONS TALK.

A subscriber at Westfall, Oregon, adds the following kindly and appreciative words to a business letter, which we print to show how THE BLADE is prized in the far-off Northwest, "where rolls the Oregon," though it is no longer true that the river "hears no sound save his own dashings," as it was when BRYANT wrote "Thanatopsis," in which the words quoted are used. Our friend says:

I will say that I think "The Demagogue" the best story for to-day that the American people could read, and that THE BLADE is the best family paper in the United States. I shall do all I can to extend its circulation, for we need its influence on the Rum question in this section of Oregon, as well as its sturdy Republicanism and adherence to the right on all questions. Wishing you all success, I am a sincere admirer of THE BLADE, S. L. P.

FRANCE.

The result of the supplementary elections in France is finally known, and the new Chamber of Deputies will consist of 365 Republicans to 211 members of the opposition of all shades. Hence the movement for a revision of the constitution may be regarded as receiving a quietus at the polls. The elections have shown that the French people prefer to adhere to the republic in preference to anything else that seemed available at this time; but it does not follow that the republic is out of all its dangers. The defect seems to have been hitherto that good administration, economical expenditure and the dignified maintenance of order at home and of the nation's dignity abroad, seem impossible of achievement under a representative government. The lack is not in the form of government, nor in the constitution; but it appears to inhere in the French people themselves. However, the indications are that the new chamber will be a more dignified and efficient body than its predecessor, and that a more quiet, self-respecting and stable policy will be pursued.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. KNOX'S new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to THE BLADE, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of THE BLADE, containing the announcement, immediately.

JOHN G. THOMPSON, the old-time Democratic chairman of this state, went to the grave years ago, but his cardinal maxim, viz: "Claim everything and claim it with confidence," is still the principle on which the Ohio Democrats run their campaigns. To listen to them just now, one ignorant of the real condition of affairs would suppose that they are going to sweep every vestige of Republicanism from the state. Yet the cold fact is they have not the slightest chance, unless boodle and fraud can overcome the will of the people honestly expressed.

THERE are some congressmen who are opposed to civil service reform, either secretly or openly; but their total number is but a small portion of the entire body. Civil Service Commissioner ROOSEVELT defined the status of all Republican opponents of the reform exactly when he declared that "any Republican congressman who lifts his hand against the system, after the indorsement given it by the Chicago national convention, is guilty of party treachery." The spoilsmen must go.

THE liquor law of Michigan has been found defective, through the unpardonable negligence, or worse, of a clerk. The first section, in the form in which it was signed by the governor, is radically different from the bill as it was passed by the legislature, and the upshot will likely be that the law itself will be held inoperative. The legislature should promptly remedy the error as soon as it convenes.

THE Sugar Trust is having a rocky time just now. Its certificates have declined on the stock market, within the past few months, from 125 to 87, and are still on the down grade. The total amount of these is $49,856,500; hence the decline already means a loss of over $17,000,000 to the holders. If Congress takes hold of the matter in a business-like way, the trust will speedily be smashed.

THE Australian system of voting was a magnificent success in Montana. The ticket was long, but the great majority of the vote had been polled before noon, and were were none of the annoyances experienced that the enemies of the system so confidently predicted.

THE Chicago *Tribune* is waging a war against the check rein for horses, and says of that instrument of torture:

There may be no literal, personal devil, but the man who invented the check-rein for horses would make an excellent substitute for his satanic majesty, if he had a large enough field to work in.

THE ONE GREAT NEED.

The Central and South American delegates to the Three Americas Congress are very frank as to the one great need of rapid and regular communication between their own countries and the United States; viz., cheaper freight rates. The first step must be direct communication; the second, lower rates.

It is to be noted that they do not demand free trade as the prime requisite, as our Democratic brethren would have us believe. They attribute the fact that the chief trade of their respective countries is with Europe instead of with ourselves, to the fact that there is regular and frequent communication therewith. There are forty-five steamships regularly engaged in the traffic between European seaports and those of the Argentine Republic, for instance, and not one making trips regularly between that country and our own.

Why has no American line been established? Because it is not profitable; our ships can not compete with the subsidized European lines. England has direct communication with La Plata twelve times per month, and her government pays the line a large subsidy. Germany has communication twice a month, and also pays a good subsidy. Belgium has a heavily subsidized line, which gives communication nine times a month. France and Portugal have communication twelve times a month by their subsidized lines. Spain pays a subsidy, and her steamers make six trips monthly. Italy has five trips a month by her subsidized lines. Is it any wonder that we have no regular means of traffic in the face of this opposition?

The plain fact is, so long as the other manufacturing nations of the world find it necessary to pay subsidies to maintain ocean lines of trading steamships, in order to foster their commerce, we must adopt the same policy or do without foreign trade. Yet the Democratic party is bitterly opposed to such a policy. Every one can recognize the business propriety of supporting mail communication with every village in the country, although all these small mail routes and postoffices cost far more than the revenue the government receives from the postage. To pay subsidies is simply to extend the same principle to our mails to foreign countries. The steamers that carry the mails can also transport freight. Regular and frequent mails are needed for the transaction of business, and "trade follows the flag" that carries the mails.

THE NEW STATES AND TARIFF REFORM.

It is curious to note that whenever an election results either in entire or partial success to the Democratic party, the free trade journals will seize upon that fact as an evidence of the triumph of "tariff reform." The only one of the four new states in which the Democrats were even partially successful was Montana, and the New York *Times* comes promptly to the front to claim that even this small measure of success was due to "a growing sentiment in favor of tariff reform in the great agricultural section of the Northwest," and adds that "the issue was much discussed in Montana."

As a matter of fact the Montana Democrats were so thoroughly frightened by their defeat last year, when they indorsed Mr. CLEVELAND'S "reform" platform, that in their platform adopted at their convention in August, they distinctly "repudiated" free trade and pledged the party to prevent Congress from passing any measures which did not protect Montana industries.

Mr. TOOLE, the Democratic candidate for governor, in one of his speeches said:

Let us have the kind of protection that is proposed by the Democratic platform. Let us have protection to every kind and character of interest that is allied to the Territory of Montana. Let us have Representatives in Congress and Senators in the Senate who will see that such legislation is passed as shall enhance the value of every product of this proud state.

And Major MAGINNIS, the Democratic candidate for Congress, who, during the last Presidential campaign, was a violent tariff reformer, just before the election announced his position as follows:

I have always been a protectionist, and I have always believed in taking care of Montana's products, so that our labor can secure the best market for what it produces. And I will see to it that Congress passes no tariff law that does not protect our stock and mining interests.

In the New York *Times*, and other free trade papers, will study the recent elections closely, they will find that in the two Dakotas, and in Washington, the Democrats made tariff reform an issue, and that in these states they were overwhelmingly defeated; and that in the only state in which they gained any success whatever, Montana, they went squarely back on the tariff reform idea.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

Here is a specimen letter, which accompanied a list of names, sent in response to our request for the names and addresses of persons to whom we may send copies of THE BLADE containing the first instalment of Col. KNOX'S "Teetotaller Dick." It is from Dwight, Illinois. Read what he says:

I send you a list of names of persons who I think would become interested and could appreciate your very valuable paper, if sample copies were sent to them, with announcements of the treats in the way of stories and interesting matter in store for them. I wish to accommodate you in this matter, and am sure it is a favor to the parties named, as I should consider it a favor to have your paper brought to my notice if I were not acquainted with it.

IT is one of the obscure and difficult problems of psychology that the average free trader finds himself incapable of telling the truth on any matter in which the tariff issue is concerned. An example of this is found in a free trade newspaper which declares that the result of the recent state election in Montana "shows that the Republicans did not make anything" by favoring protection for the great products of Montana. Now, the fact is that the Montana Democrats, in their platform, declared for protection, and hence the free trade assertion goes for nothing. But protection did play a part in that election, as is shown by the election of the Republican candidate for Representative in Congress. The people knew that a Democratic Representative would be bulldozed into voting with his party, and hence elected a Republican.

NEW MEXICO, Idaho and Wyoming are preparing to follow the example of the two Dakotas, Washington and Montana, and become members of the sisterhood of states, but Utah, though she long ago had sufficient population and resources to entitle her to admission, will be barred out on account of Mormonism. This territory can never hope for statehood so long as the Mormons insist upon the divine origin of their peculiar institution.

THE earnest appeal of the colored men who met in convention at Springfield, Ill., Tuesday should be heeded by the administration and by the Republicans in Congress. It is the duty of both to see that the life and property of the American negro is as safe in the Southern as in the Northern states. The responsibility rests upon the Republican party, and this subject is one which should early occupy the attention of Congress.

IT is now estimated that not more than 5,000 miles of new railway has been and will be constructed during the present year. In 1887 we built over 13,000 miles. It is remarkable that the decline in the consumption of railway steel has had so little effect upon the great iron industry.

THE destruction of the Brooklyn Tabernacle is greatly deplored. Fortunately the fire occurred when the building was empty. The church will immediately be rebuilt.

THE ISSUES OF THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

Cincinnati is the largest city in the state of Ohio, and the bitter personal fight that has developed in that corner of the political field has raised such a dust that the real issues of the present campaign have been somewhat obscured. TOPP has resigned from the Hamilton county board of Public Affairs, and the Democratic effort to make his mental aberration an issue is a failure; the ballot-box matter has been settled; and it is now time to turn to the real issues to be decided at the polls on November 5, and give them the discussion their importance merits.

First in magnitude are the national aspects of the campaign. The tariff question is the foremost of these. It is true the Democrats are attempting to straddle the issue, by their nomination of a pseudo-protectionist on a free trade platform, so that they may beg for protectionist Democratic votes because of their candidate, and for free trade votes because of the platform; but should Ohio go Democratic, the fact would be trumpeted from one end of the Union to the other as a triumph for "tariff reform," which is but an euphemism for free trade. The people of Ohio realize the solid advantages the protective policy has brought them, and are, by a great majority, in favor of its retention. They must guard against even a technical victory for British free trade, by defeating the Democracy which has entered the contest with a platform favoring that theory.

In connection with this, the maintenance of the supremacy of the Republican protectionist majority in the United States Senate is involved directly in the present campaign. HENRY B. PAYNE is a Democrat and has voted steadily with his party on all tariff measures. The General Assembly to be chosen in this state next month will have his successor to elect. If that body have a Democratic majority, a free trade victory will have been achieved; if the Ohio Republicans elect a majority of the new legislature, a Republican protectionist will be chosen to fill PAYNE'S seat. Aside from this commanding issue, the honest voters of Ohio owe it to themselves to rebuke the bribery by which PAYNE'S election was compassed in the notorious "coal-oil legislature," by defeating the party which put that reproach on the fair fame of Ohio.

There is no lack of legitimate issues in this campaign of purely state interest, and every voter should carefully consider them. We will enumerate a few of them:

The utter incompetence of the Democracy to manage the state finances; their reckless mismanagement of the public institutions, in a financial way, had brought the state to the verge of bankruptcy at the time FORAKER'S administration took charge. The record of the latter is absolutely flawless in these respects. The state's finances were never so well managed, as is shown by the rate of taxation being now lower than it has been since 1840. Are the voters of the state willing to restore to power the same gang of Democrats who so nearly wrecked the state's credit in 1884–85?

The same men are in control of the Democratic campaign who were engaged in the election frauds in Cincinnati and the tally-sheet forgeries, and the present campaign is an effort on their part to be restored to power, that the present honest election and registration laws shall be shorn of all provisions that prevent a repetition of those frauds. This done, the way would be open to the perpetuation of Democratic control of the state, through fraud and forgery, for an indefinite period.

The election of a Democratic General Assembly not only means that a free trade Democrat will succeed PAYNE in the Senate, but it also means that the state would be re-districted so as to send more free trade Democrats to the House than at present, and the will of the majority of the voters of the state be nullified.

The general state issue, then, is one of protection, honest administration, low taxes, economical expenditure and clean elections, against free trade, boodleism, fraud, extravagance, and the elevation of the worst political elements of Ohio to the control of her affairs. These are the things to be decided by the ballots of the people. On the one side is Governor FORAKER and Republican ascendency, the representative of all that is honest and creditable; on the other is the free trade Democracy, with CAMPBELL and his more than questionable gang of backers in the lead. Choose ye whom ye will serve!

THE LATEST CRONIN CONSPIRACY.

The conspiracy to murder Dr. CRONIN was bad enough, but the conspiracy just developed to defeat the ends of justice and save the necks of the suspects is simply appalling. Those engaged in it have not hesitated to boldly go into the very court and employ the law's officers to defeat the law. Confessions already made indicate that reports as to the success or failure of the attempt to bribe veniremen were to be made to the principal counsel for the defence. If such should prove to be the fact the special grand jury will probably include that gentleman's name in its list of indictments. It is to be hoped that this conspiracy will be probed to its very bottom, and that every man, no matter how high his standing, who has had the slightest connection with this attempt to cause a miscarriage of justice will be made to suffer the severest penalties. If anything were needed to prove the guilt of the suspects, this corrupt endeavor to save them from conviction would be sufficient.

States Attorney LONGENECKER and his associates have encountered difficulties which can hardly be appreciated by the general public in their conduct of this case, but it is believed that they will have the active aid of all citizens who cherish a regard for justice.

DON'T FORGET THE DATE!

Let every subscriber look at the little red tag on his paper, or on the wrapper, and assure himself that he is not letting his subscription run out. For instance, if he finds it to read:

Jas Cleary 17oct89

He will remember that his subscription expires with this number—that for October 17, 1889. Please look at the date on the tag, and recall when your subscription runs out, so that you may renew in time, without missing any numbers. Every issue of THE BLADE now is full of interesting matter, which no one can afford to miss. And with "The Demagogue" and "Joshua" running, and Col. KNOX'S "Teetotaller Dick" to begin on December 5, we are sure no one can afford not to renew his subscription. Either of these stories of itself is worth much more than the paltry dollar which THE BLADE costs for a year; and the attractions to follow next spring and summer will be as good as those we now offer.

THE Mississippi Bourbons have served notice on Gen. J. R. CHALMERS, the Republican candidate for governor of that state, that he shall not make any campaign speeches. When will the people of the South learn that free speech and a free ballot are the constitutional rights of every citizen?

THE political situation in New York this year, is clearly set forth as follows, by the Chicago *Journal:*

Hill rules the Democratic party in New York, and the saloons rule Hill. But the third party Prohibitionists are doing all in their power to help Hill.

IF certain Kansas Republicans will consider carefully what they are about, they will remember that in honoring Senator INGALLS with a re-election they are honoring their state as well.

ON DECEMBER 5

We will Begin Our New Temperance Story,

Written Expressly for the Blade, Called

"TEETOTALLER DICK,"

A Highly Interesting Tale of Life and Adventure.

Read it and Help to Circulate it Among the People.

In the issue of the Weekly BLADE for December 5 we will begin the publication of a new and exceedingly interesting serial, written expressly for the columns of THE BLADE, entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

The story is the life history of a boy, born amid the hills of New England. The progress of the tale carries him to New York, the metropolis of the United States, and afterwards across the Atlantic on one of the great "ocean greyhounds" to Liverpool, and thence to London; afterward to France, and thence to Turkey. Hence there is, as will be seen, much of travel and adventure in the story—features that will make it specially interesting to the young, while not detracting from the pleasure and profit with which it will be read by their elders.

There is a temperance thread running through the entire serial—not in dry sections of didactic literature, but incidentally brought in as part of the story itself. Among the facts which every one should know in this connection, especially our boys, and which will be told during the progress of "Teetotaller Dick," are the following:

The effects of Rum-drinking upon the physical system of the drinker;

The moral deterioration which is the inevitable concomitant of the drink habit;

The evil effects of beer-drinking, which is by so many people presumed to be harmless—a feature that we are very glad to bring to the attention of our readers, because THE BLADE was the first secular newspaper in the United States to begin a crusade against beer, and thereby incurred the bitter enmity of the whole brewing interest of this country;

The drinking habits of the people of Great Britain, especially in London;

How the French indulge in intoxicants;

The "cold water Turks"—for the law of Mohammed, as laid down in the Koran, strictly prohibits the use of wine to his disciples;

The relations of life insurance to the drink habit;

And, besides these, the story itself, even if divested of all the features enumerated above, is well worthy of being read by every person, young and old. It is a crisp, sparkling narrative, interesting in plot and motive, full of life and movement, and every person who reads the opening chapters will be anxious to continue the perusal of the successive instalments, week by week, as they appear.

We especially call upon all careful parents to see that their children read "Teetotaller Dick." It is a strong, pure story, the life, history of a brave and true lad, whose career is a worthy example to set before the young. There is no unhealthy sentimentality of any kind in it,—nothing, in fact, that the most careful father or mother would hesitate to allow sons and daughters to read.

Will You Aid the Cause of Temperance?

If the people are to be rescued from the awful curse of intemperance, we must begin with the youth of the nation, and set before them clearly the dangers, physical and moral, of indulgence in drink. "Teetotaller Dick" does this, and does it well. Will you aid us in obtaining as wide a circulation as possible for it, by sending to us a list of names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, but who, with their families, ought to read Col. KNOX'S new story? Send them *at once*, and we will gladly mail them free sample copies of THE BLADE containing the opening chapters. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. We will consider it a personal favor if you will do so.

THE Household department this week is even more excellent than usual. In her "Home Talk," Miss BOUTON has a most interesting article on the White Cross society—one which every parent should commend to the perusal of his boys and girls. And there is an article on "Autumn Festivals" that will be helpful to many. The Household is always excellent, but we can not forbear from calling our readers' attention to the special features of excellence in this number.

MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY displayed sound sense when he said he did not think it would pay the Knights of Labor to seek to gain the eight-hour day by strikes. Strikes injure employe as well as employer, and rarely accomplish any permanent good. When the eight-hour day comes it will be by a healthy growth of public sentiment and not by force.

NEW YORK fails to come up to the mark in the matter of the world's fair. Her citizens do not enthuse, and many of those most earnest in the project now admit that she is out of the race. Chicago's energy and promptness have had a depressing effect upon the Eastern metropolis. Chicago or Washington will get the fair, probably Chicago.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Leprosy is on the increase in California.

Winter is the favorite marrying season.

Sunday is the favorite wedding day in England.

December 31 is a favorite wedding day in Scotland.

Dom Pedro anticipates attending the World's Fair.

A paper is published in Colorado called *The Golden Perhaps.*

The total amount subscribed to the Parnell defense fund was £41,000.

A Monticello (Fla.) pear tree is in bloom for the third time this season.

Russian revenues are increasing, while the expenditures are diminishing.

The state fair at Shreveport, La., offers a prize for the ugliest man in the state.

Alexander Grey, a cousin of the late Wilkie Collins, is living in San Francisco.

The cost of the recent Hayitian war, it is stated, was about ten millions of dollars.

This year's potato crop, after all, will be greater than that of last year, by 17,000,000 bushels.

Mem: If a girl is born in October she will be pretty and coquettish and devoted to attractive garniture.

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

VI.

MONG the most interesting parts of Hamburg is that known as St. Pauli. It matters not what time of the day or night you visit that portion of the town, whether it be on Sunday or week day, you will always find plenty to amuse, and if you be of an inquiring turn of mind, much to instruct. It is simply one of the quarters of the city, and is easily reached by means of tram cars and omnibuses which run through some quaint old street in taking you to and through St. Pauli.

In St. Pauli is located Rentz's circus, mention of which was made in a previous letter. There are innumerable theaters and concert gardens and any number of other places of amusement. The principal street

A FAMILY SCENE.

in St. Pauli is Spielbudenplatz, a very wide thoroughfare about half or three-quarters of a mile long.

At the beginning of this street is a mammoth concert hall and garden, next to which is the Central halle, a popular theater, frequented by the better middle classes. It is the same in many ways to our popular priced People's theaters, although in two respects it is entirely different. The prices of admission are so low as to be within reach of everybody, and the large auditorium is crowded at

A ST. PAULI TYPE.

each performance, Sunday night, of course, drawing the largest audience.

But in the matter of music and the performance itself, we are far behind the standard of excellence established and maintained at the Central theater.

The orchestra is composed of some thirty pieces and is very fine. The programme for the evening embraces selections from the standard operas, interspersed with tuneful melodies from composers whose works are not regarded as classics. It makes no difference to the orchestra, however, whether the selections are classical or not, they are all played conscientiously and well.

The performance begins with a comedy,

A GROUP IN ST. PAULI.

which is followed by a stirring drama—a German version of "The Silver King" was given the night we were there, and the evening closes with a grand ballet founded upon some well known theme.

Even though it is a cheap-priced theater, the entertainment is one that affords great pleasure. The comedy is a delicious bit of acting. The actors are artists, and depend for their applause, not upon the inartistic horseplay that mars so many of our performances of a similar nature, but upon the skillful bringing out of the good points of the author. The company that plays in this cheap Central Hall, night after night, would make a fortune in America.

Enjoyable as is the performance, the audience is to us far more interesting. It is composed of well to do people who attend the theater as much for the sake of seeing their many friends as to witness the performance, for good acting and good music are not so much of a novelty to them as it is to us. They make up in-formal little parties, and during the long intermissions between acts they chat and laugh and sip their beer in the most free and unconventional way.

The ushers are young women, who also take care of hats and wraps, and sell you programmes. At the rear of the auditorium is a long counter, presided over by a buxom dame, who has acquired great skill in drawing beer from enormous casks mounted on great wooden horses. She is kept very busy, too, during the entire evening, supplying fleet-footed waiters in swallowtail coats (their uniforms), who in turn serve the foaming beverage to the ever thirsty spectator, for which they receive the price of the glass of beer, and a small gratuity.

After the performance, which terminates about 11 o'clock, a grand concert is given by the orchestra in the electric lighted garden adjoining the theater if the weather be fine, and if it is stormy in the large hall. These concerts are largely patronized, for after a long sitting it is a great pleasure to walk about the beautiful garden made more beautiful by the throngs of well-dressed people.

In the center of Spielbudenplatz is a long, wide space, where on certain days a sort of market is held. But on Sunday it is one of the most interesting places in Hamburg. It is then a seething mass of humanity crowding and jostling good naturedly, chaffing and joking, and having a good time generally. The attractions to bring forth this immense crowd are booths and stands ranged in double rows the whole length of the street, where everything under the sun, almost, is offered for sale.

Think of cigars ten for seven cents!

They are sold in many a stand in Spielbudenplatz of a Sunday. I won't undertake to say what kind of cigars they are, but I do say that many a country lad supplies himself for the day, by the investment of ten cents.

See this couple. The young fellow has his best girl out for the day. As they saunter slowly along in front of the booths, he is attracted by an assortment of fancy, bright colored silk kerchiefs. They are only ten pfennigs, and he invests. His blushing companion murmurs her appreciation of his attentiveness as she coquetishly ties it about her neck, and they continue on their happy way.

Punch and Judy shows abound, and are surrounded by great crowds of old and young. Funny what a hold Punch and Judy has upon the people of every nation. Way down in the interior of Hungary I saw a Punch and Judy show some years ago, and the crowd laughed just as heartily at the terrible thwackings of poor Punch as did this crowd in St. Pauli; while in England the police are required oftentimes to clear the brickade caused by people of all classes who congregate to laugh at the absurd misfortunes of these two well-known people.

Books you can buy at many of these booths, books bound and unbound, in cloth covers and in paper, ranging all the way from the simplest story books for youngest readers up to the works of the masters of German literature.

If you are hungry you may feed at these stalls, feasting on gingerbread, sausage, sandwiches, cheese or black bread, washed down with milk or coffee.

If you want shoes or clothes you can be accommodated; or if jewelry is your hobby here it can be gratified; in short, it is easier to tell what is not offered to the fastidious passer by than it is to attempt a catalogue of the almost innumerable objects here exposed for sale.

One side of the platz is lined with fine stores of all kinds, in whose windows are made displays that rival in artistic arrangement the show made the more pretentious stores down town. It is a queer mixture, too. By the side of a magnificent five-story building, brave with plate glass and all that, you run across a little old shoe maker's shop of ancient date, through the open door of which you see Mother working on the stubborn hair of little Hans, while Kaetchen, doll in hand, stands by watching the proceedings with greatest interest, a scene caught by our

A GROUP IN ST. PAULI.

Kodak and herewith reproduced. Further along is the famous Tivoli where on four nights of the week dances are given. The Tivoli tried to imitate Sogabiel's famous place, but never could injure the popularity of that great resort.

On the opposite side of the platz there are, for half a mile, museums, concert halls, variety shows, wax works, beer gardens, and gaudily painted shooting galleries, all eagerly patronized by the people who flock to St. Pauli to see the sights.

On our way from Spielbudenplatz to the Exposition we caught a well dressed couple talking to a mounted soldier. The sketch above gives an accurate idea of how St. Pauli people looked to American sight-seers.

He Knew Her.

Annie—Oh, Charley, I found out something to-day that I promised never, never to tell!

Charley (setting back)—Well, I'm ready.

NO MORE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We have decided not to offer a sewing machine in connection with THE BLADE any longer this season. We are offering a number of new articles, to be sold with the paper, for announcements of which see the fifth page of last week's issue, and the fifth page of to-day's BLADE. One offer is on fine toilet and table ware; the other, THE BLADE cook-stove. Our space is limited, and we have thought best to withdraw the sewing machine offer for this year. We may or may not renew it next year; circumstances must determine. Meanwhile we want you to read carefully our offers on these new articles; you will find that they are the most liberal we have ever made, and that the useful articles we offer are cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, besides including THE WEEKLY BLADE. Read the offer, by all means.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends an neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere*.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXVIII.

WAKE, NICODEMUS!

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,
And was bought for a bagful of gold;
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,
But he died, years ago, very old.
'Twas his last sad request—so we laid him away
In the trunk of an old, hollow tree,
"Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the first break of day,
Wake me up for the Great Jubilee!"

He was known as a prophet; at least was as wise,
For he told of the battles to come;
And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes,
And we heeded the shake of his thumb.
Though he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore
Were in patches at elbow and knee;
And he still wears the suit that he used to o yore,
As he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash,
Though the bullet has oft crossed his path;
There were none of his masters so brave or so rash
As to face such a man in his wrath;
Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim,
He obeyed, who was born to command;
But he long'd for the morning which then was so dim,
For the morning which now is at hand.

'Twas a long, weary night; we were almost in fear
That the future was more than he knew;
'Twas a long, weary night, but the morning is near,
And the words of our prophet are true.
There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone,
There are tokens of endless array;
While the storm which so seemingly banished the dawn
Only hastens the advent of day.

CHORUS:—The good time a coming is almost here.
It was long, long, long on the way!
Now, run tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
Meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day.

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

"The Last Fierce Charge."

'Twas just before the last fierce charge,
Two soldiers drew their rein
With a parting look and a touch of hand
They never might meet again;
One had blue eyes and curling hair,
Nineteen but a month ago,
There was red on his cheeks and down on his chin,
He was only a boy, you know.

The other was tall, and stern, and proud,
His faith in the world was dim,
He only trusted the more in her
Who was all the world to him.
They had rode together for many a day,
They had marched for many a mile,
And always, 'till now, they had met the foe
With a calm and hopeful smile.

But now they looked in each other's face,
With awful, ghastly gloom;
The tall, dark man was the first to speak,
Saying: "Charlie, my hour has come.
Oh! we'll ride up the hill together,
But you'll ride back alone;
Oh! promise me, Charlie, some trouble to take
For me, when I am gone.

"You'll find a face upon my breast,
I'll wear it through the fight,
With dark blue eyes and curling hair
Like thine—'tis morning light!
Like morning light 'tis gladness to me
In this hour of lonely gloom,
Oh little cared I for the frown of fate
When she promised to be my own.

"Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone;
Send back that fair fond face,
And tell her gently how I died
And where is my resting place.
Tell her that I will wait for her
In the border land between
Our heaven and earth until she comes;
It won't be long, I ween."

The blue eyes of the boy were filled with tears,
His voice was low with pain.
"I'll do your bidding, comrade dear,
If I ride back again.
But if you ride back, and I am left,
You'll do as much for me;
I've a mother at home must hear the news,
Write to her tenderly.

"One after another of those she loves,
She has buried a husband and son,
And I was the last to my country's call,
She cheered and sent me on.
She is praying at home like a weeping saint,
Her fair face wet with tears,
Her heart will be broken when I am gone;
I'll see her no more, I fear."

Just then the order came to charge,
An instant hand touched hand,
They answered it, and on they went,
That brave, devoted band.
On, on they went to the top of the hill
Where the rebel with shot and shell
Poured rifle blasts in their faithful ranks,
And jeered them as they fell.

At last they reached that awful height,
That height that was hard to gain,
And the ones whom death had kindly spared
Rode slowly back again.
But among the ones who were left behind
Was the boy with the curling hair,
And the tall, dark man, who rode by his side,
In death lay sleeping there.

No one to tell the blue-eyed girl
The words her lover has said,
The mother at home waits for her boy
To learn that he is dead.
May never more sorrow come to her,
But soothe and soften her pain,
Until she crosses the river of death
And stands by his side again.

HER GLANCE WAS FROSTY.

An Economic Bachelor's Wedding Gift Purchase and the Result.

When a wedding was announced in Pittsburg some years ago an invitation reached a certain bachelor who was rather unwilling to spend money. He wanted to send a present to the bride, but he hated to spend the money. In his quandary he went to a well-known dealer in silver, china and like precious things, and sought high and low in his stock for some article that should combine lowness of price with appearance of great value. He was not successful at first. Presently he came across some valuable Bohemian glass vases, one of which was broken. Two pieces had been knocked off the lip of the vase. An idea struck him.

"How much do you want for the broken vase?" he asked.

"Oh, we would not like to charge anything for that," said the salesman.

"And yet those pieces could be easily stuck on, couldn't they?"

"Yes, they could," was the reply.

"Then I guess you may pack up that vase and send it to Miss——, at —— street, East End," said the smart economist.

He reasoned that if the vase reached his fair friend with two pieces broken out of it the damage would be attributed to careless handling on the road, and he would be credited with sending a costly vase.

All would have been well, perhaps, had not the careful salesman wrapped up the broken pieces separately in tissue paper and placed them in the box beside the vase. As it was the effect upon the bride was not pleasant; nor was her frosty glance agreeble to the penurious bachelor when they met shortly afterward.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Impressive.

"Oh, stop the press!" the maiden cried,
The tone the printer youth alarms,
Who had embraced
Her bisom waist,
And clasped her in his arms.

But he, pretending not to hear,
Still hugged her close and warm,
And softly said,
As he stroked her head,
"I'd rather hold the form."

TWO YEARS.

I.—LAST YEAR.

They strolled on the beach by the bright summer sea,
He and she.
And they never paid any attention to me,
He and she.
His air was superb, and to all that he said
She modestly listened, and hung down her head,
While with swift-flying blushes her fair face grew red—
Dear me!

II.—THIS YEAR.

Again they are seen on the beach by the sea,
She and he.
That they're married this year you will quickly agree,
She and he.
In silence he stalks, while she lays down the law,
A man more submissive the world never saw,
He's learned that a kitten has claws in her paw.
Dear me!

—*Boston Courier.*

CONSIDER THE SOURCE.

A Few Outrageous Flings at Woman by the Worse Half of Humanity.

Boston Transcript.

"Yes," said the salesman, "these goods are all wool, fast colors, full width, and of the very best quality."

"And—er were the sheep fed on hay or turnips?" asked the shopper, a timid little man; "and were they all owned by the same man or did they come from different folds?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the astonished salesman.

"I'm sorry for that," said the timid man, moving away; "of course, I don't care, but my wife will be sure to ask me, and I shouldn't like to take it home unless I could answer all questions: No, I guess I won't take it. Let her come in herself."

Punxsutawney Spirit.

This is the festive time of year
When women scold and splutter,
And yell into their husband's ear,
"John! Stir that apple butter!"

Washington Post.

Yes, dear, we believe they will call the phonograph a she. It always has the last word, you know.

Life.

Washington Capital.

There are few society belles who have not a record of conquests made with the assistance of smokeless powder. There is nothing new under the sun.

Judge.

"Observe Mrs. Flockton coming this way."

"Why, she's in second mourning. Husband?"

"No; dog."

Burlington Free Press.

Housemaid—There is a gentleman down stairs, ma'am, who is almost pulling the bell out and says he wants the key to the fire alarm box.

Mistress (rushing to the mirror)—Ask him to send up his card and tell him I will be down in a few minutes.

Somerville Journal.

When a girl has finally made up her mind that she is eternally homely and decides not to feel bad about it any more, it unsettles her dreadfully to have a man fall in love with her and begin to pay her compliments.

Terre Haute Express.

Judge—You are a freeholder?
Prospective Juryman—Yes, sir.
Judge—Married or single?
Prospective Juryman—Married three years ago last month.
Judge—Have you formed or expressed any opinion?
Prospective Juryman—Not for three years past.

Wasp.

Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 2:30 a. m.)—Susie, what time is it?
Susie (with a second look at Reginald, who looseus his grip)—A few minutes past 10, papa.
Old Man—Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed.

SOME NOTED BLUE-STOCKINGS.

Edith Thomas dresses simply, with faultless daintiness; and Louise Imogen Guiney's gowns are as exquisitely fine as her verses.

Miss Murfree dresses very simply and is fond of Quaker-gray gowns, but has a passion for beautiful lace, and is extremely difficult to satisfy on questions of the cut of her dresses.

Grace King wears the daintiest of silk stockings and black satin slippers, made for her by a French shoemaker in New Orleans, and she likes to wear long-trained, perfectly plain black silk gowns that fit like a glove.

Margaret Sangster, who edits *Harper's Bazar*, usually dresses in black, with a bit of fine white lace at her throat or wrists, and her snow-white hair in smooth folds about her head. She gives always an expression of extreme daintiness and ca e.

Miss French, known to the literary world as Octave Thanet, wears the neatest and trimmest of gowns, and, as an admirer expressed it, "always looks as if she had just that minute come out of the tissue paper and ribbons of a French importer's box."

Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas*, dresses extremely well in plain, tailor-made clothes in the daytime, and generally black or white silk or lace in the evenings. Of lace she is extremely fond, and does not begrudge money spent upon it.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Some New and Some Old Saws on the Subject.

Never read the marriage service entirely over.

December 31 is the favorite wedding day in Scotland.

"Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines."

The shower of rice is a prayer for fruitfulness.

Sunday is the favorite wedding day in England.

There is an old superstition against May marriages.

A bride should use no pins in her wedding clothes.

A bride must wear nothing green; that color is emblematic of evil.

In Sweden and Norway Thorsday, or Thursday, is not a propitious day.

To change the name and not the letter change for worse and not the better.

The origin of the slipper-throwing is doubtful. It means, however, good luck.

According to the old Roman calendar February 11, June 2, and December 1 were unpropitious days.

A bride on her return home must be carried over the threshhold by the groom's relatives.

In Yorkshire the cook pours hot water over the doorstep after the couple have gone, to keep the threshold warm for another bride.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

When some one wrote that "man wants but little here below," he forgot there was such a place as Chicago.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Sentimental Journey.—First New Yorker—"Hello! Going off. I see. Business or pleasure?" Second New Yorker—"Neither. I'm going to Philodelphia,—Puck.

The town of Windsor, N. H., has increased its population by four and its buildings by two in the last eleven years. There has been nothing like a boom, but the growth has been on its merits and steady and permanent.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Used to It.—First Brooklyn man, (on street car.)—You haven't lived in Brooklyn long, have you?" Second Brrooklyn man—"No; only a few weeks. How did you know?" F. B. M.—"I noticed that when you said you lived in Brooklyn you blushed."—New York Weekly.

It is said there are at least 2,000 actors in New York who are unable to get situations. That 2,000 actors are out of situations is not so remarkable as the fact that about double that number of men who are not actors have secured situations at that sort of business.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Useless Expense.—Cheerful Friend—"Well you're all ready to start—baggage checked, insurance ticket bought, and all that. If you're killed, old boy, you'll get five thousand dollars, you know." Traveler (gloomily)—"Stuff and nonsense! No such luck for me. I'll go through all right."—*Puck.*

NOT GENEROUS.

Judge.

Mrs. Closehall—"Do you know that I've induced Mr. Closehall to give up cigars?"
Dovetail—"Really? Why, I've known him for ten years, and I never saw him give up one yet."

CURRENT COMMENT.

The latest slang? Yes, but you mustn't call it that, says the New York *Sun*. In conversation it's "*le dernier cri*." You abhor a "pretty dress," you wear "a fetching gown;" your hat with its black birds upon it is not "stylish," it is "swagger," and you are not acquainted with fashionable people, but know all the "swells." You no longer hate a man, you simply "don't like him a little bit." You are not in society, but "in the swim," and nothing succeeds, but it "goes." You don't cry when a friend goes away, but you announce that you are "weak enough to blubber." What would our grandmothers have said?

Happy Time.

I walk along the streets to-day,
My friends pass in review.
They smile, they nod, but none do say,
Is't hot enough for you?

I turn the corner of the street
And meet my old friend Jack;
He does not ask me, when we meet,
Old man, have you got back?

To all these questions there's an end,
They cease to be a bore,
And do you ask the reason, friend?
They've all been asked before.

—*Boston Courier.*

Marshmallows are now the "swagger" sweeties to eat. You know a marshmallow is a luscious thing that floats into your mouth and dissolves into sweetness so compactly that a pound of them can be absorbed and there will be no necessity of treating the absorber like "Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue" and "planting" her. But the marshmallow pure and simple was dusted with fine sugar that stained your gloves, and so could not be eaten in the publicity of the theater. A confectioner who was a diplomat and knew the longings of the female stomach took the marshmallow and put outside it a crust of chocolate, which added to its goodness and was warranted not to injure the most delicate glove. So it has become the sweet of the matinee, according to the New York *Sun*.

Why, What Was That?

'Tis some lover gently tapping at the pane
Below!
'Tis the rustle on the window of the rain!
Not so.
Is it sighing of the gale?
Is it creeping of the snail?
Or a wandering pussy's tail?
Oh, no!
The idea, of course, is quite a pretty thought,
That's so.
I regret to say it's nothing of the sort.
No, no.
It's a burglar getting in
To collar all your tin.
So, unless you go to win—
Don't go.

—[The Rhymster.

Personal Journalism.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

The New York *World's* new building will be sixteen stories high. Another provocation for another internecine newspaper strife. Just wait till the *World's* printers begin throwing paper wads down on the top of the *Tribune's* tall tower, or the *World's* editors with hook, pole and line reach down from their giddy height and through the twelfth story window fish out the copy of some of the *Tribune's* editorials and use them the next morning in their funny column. Just wait till this occurs if you want to witness a good specimen of personal journalism.

One Cause of Sorrow.

How sweet to roam by the sad sea waves
While no cares your mind harass
And want joy to think as you watch the stars,
That you're paying no bill for gas!

But oh, what grief when you travel home
And the meet your sad eyes meet!
You find that the cook has been holding soirees
And has burned ten million feet!

—[Lawrence American.

Sure Signs.

Terre Haute Express.

Bridget—Shall I Pave the hall lamp burnin', mum?

Mistress—No; I am pretty sure Mr. Jones won't be home until daylight. He kissed me three times before he left and gave me $20 for a new spring bonnet.

A Single Girl's Prowess.

Boston Transcript.

Nine tailors make one man, but one tailor-made girl can unmake nine times nine men.

Just About.

Chicago Journal.

A citizen of Lowell, Mass., dropped dead last night while witnessing the play of "The Old Homestead." Isn't it time to change the bill?

Just in Time.

Life.

Jawkins—Well, Jack, the cool weather's coming on now.

Jack Borrowit—Yes, and I'm glad of it. One more washing and my flannel shirt will do for a chest protector.

Like a Blast from Roderick's Bugle.

London Star.

Good news from Hawarden! A day or two ago the G. O. M. brought down a large oak after three hours' hard and incessant work. By all accounts he hardly turned a hair over the job, and finished without a sign of fatigue. Not bad for a man of 80—especially one most of whose life has been spent in hard brain work, much of it in crowded cities and by the light of midnight oil! We don't wish to do our opponents an injustice, but it is just possible that this performance in Hawarden Park won't cause as much pleasure in the Tory camp as it does in ours.

The Jury Finds as Follows.

"He blew into his gun to see
If loading up was needed,
And the jury to a man agree
That the gun blew after he did."

Therefore the gun was discharged free,
As in justice it ought to be;
For though the gun had laid him low,
It was he who gave the first blow.

—*Boston Transcript.*

EDUCATION IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

How Some of the Young Men Were Taught the Art of Writing.

Boys intended for the government service entered the school at a very early age, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, concerning education in ancient Egypt. The course of instruction was very simple. The first care of the teacher was to initiate the young scribe into the mysteries of the art of writing. After he had mastered the first difficulties, he was given older texts to copy. These texts were moral treatises, old poems, fairy tales, religious and mythical writings, and letters. It is to this fact that we owe the preservation of the greater part of the literary remains of ancient Egypt. When one of these schoolboys died the copies he had written, that could be of no earthly use to any one else, were buried with him.

From these old books that he copied he learned to form his own style; he learned the grammar and syntax of his beautiful language; he became acquainted with its vast stock of moral precepts, religious and mythical traditions, and with the innumbered poems and tales that undoubtedly abounded, and of which the merest fragments have come down to us. Two classes of writings were preferred for this purpose, moral precepts and letters. It was considered absolutely indispensible to inculcate on the minds of the pupils vast numbers of moral precepts. Letter writing was considered a high and difficult art, and the pupils needed very special preparation in it.

LOOK IN THE STICK.

How a Customs Officer Detected a Smuggler.

Among the novel patterns in walking-sticks brought over from the Paris exposition there are some, and by no means the most bulky ones, which have proved very profitable to their owners. Several of them are to be seen at the present time in the limbo where smugglers' tools find government safe-keeping. "As a matter of fact," said a customs detective yesterday, "I don't believe one-half of the diamonds brought to this country pay any duty to the government. Look at this cane, a plain, straightforward piece of native bamboo, it appears to be, doesn't it? It doesn't weigh over eight ounces, and the knotty head, where the bamboo's roots grew, with its little silver plate for the owner's name, looks the very pink of respectable property. That came over the ship's side a day or two ago carelessly held in its owner's hand. A cablegram had been sent from Berlin to the secretary of the Treasury giving his name and address and the name of the ship on which he sailed and the kind of articles he was likely to smuggle. That description was sent to the collector here, from Washington, and was given to me. I met the steamer, and the first thing my eye rested on was that cane. I went through my man's baggage; it was diamonds I had been told to look for, and found, as I expected, nothing suspicious. He smiled when I asked him to go into the search-room, explaining that I regretted to have to obey such disagreeable orders, but that duty was duty, etc. He took it in good part, and I stripped him to the buff and found nothing. I was beginning to be puzzled. I looked in his mouth and in his ears and between his toes, and in every conceivable *cache*, but found no diamonds. He smiled all the time. I thought perhaps he had swallowed the gems, and thought seriously of asking him to 'take an emetic with me.' But I couldn't go quite that far legitimately. He kept on smiling. At last an inspiration seized me. I picked up the cane, pressed that little silver nameplate, found it yielded and opened inward, discovered that the whole of the naturally hollow bamboo was loaded, and bagged my game. By this time the smuggler had ceased smiling.

A Chinese View of Occidental Dancing.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A Chinese journalist has been writing in a native paper an account of western customs as observed by him in the course of a visit to England. Concerning 5 o'clock tea, he says:

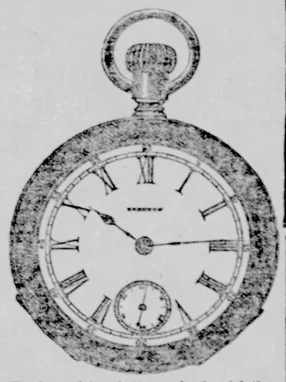
"Men and women are seated indiscriminately round the same dish and at the same table. Even a man and his daughter-in-law, a woman and her brother-in-law, do not avoid each other's company. Besides invitations to dinner, there are invitations to tea gatherings, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes, invitations are sent to an equal number of men and women, and after they are all assembled, tea and sugar, milk, bread, and the like, are set out as aids to conversation. More particularly are there invitations to skip and posture, when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then with both arms grasping each other they leave the table in pairs, and leap, skip, posture, and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping *tanshen* (dancing.)"

Spoiled by a Habit.

Many of the badly-shaped mouths that are the sorrows of the young women of to day result from their being permitted when they were children to suck their fingers. One of the prettiest women in New York has coarse, thick lips, that come from having been allowed, when she was going to sleep, to put her thumb in her mouth, while another, whose lips protrude in the center and whose mouth is large, now blames her mother for allowing her to find consolation in her two forefingers —*Herald of Health.*

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at *only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough or an ybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

The Ageius. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Ageius," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x38.

Either or all of above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A $65.00 Sewing Machine! For $18.00. Black Walnut Furniture Cover, Drop Leaf, 5 Drawers and Full Set of Attachments. Warranted. 4 lb Tea or Family Scale, $1.00. 1,000 other Articles ½ to ½ usual prices. Send for Catalogue. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

WILL DO IT. Our Beard Elixir will force a Beard in 30 days, or money refunded. Sample by mail, 25c.; one dozen, 75c. AGENTS WANTED. HOWARD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

$50 OUTFIT ON 30 DAYS' TIME TO AGENTS Guarantee $150 profit. Agents in four weeks or no pay, to travel or work at home. No competition. B. JARVIS & CO., Racine, WIS.

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Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

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In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE, one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

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HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

"EKKO S FROM KENTUCKY," by Nasby; "ABOU BEN ADHEM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with or without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

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Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O

TO WEAK MEN suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, loss manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, free of charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Send one dollar for fine gold plate, double heart ring, and your guess on one quart of soup beans, sealed in glass can and deposited in bank, and get one of the following prizes:

First prize—Large store and dwelling house, with stock of goods; first prize worth $2,500.

Second—$500 in gold.

Third—Gent's 14k solid gold, stem wind, Elgin movement watch, worth $50.

Fourth—Gent's watch, same as above, $50.

Fifth—Ladies 14k solid gold, stem wind, Elgin movement watch, worth $50.

Sixth—Ladies watch, same as above, $50.

Person guessing the actual number of beans, or nearest, gets first prize; next, second prize; third; next, fourth; next, fifth; next, sixth. If more than one guess the same number they will share equal. Beans will be counted as soon as 2,500 guesses are received. Names and number of parties getting prizes will be published in this paper. Reason for disposing of my property this way, to make a quick sale and take up a traveling business in the West that will require my entire time. Send at once by mail and ring and number will be sent you. This will not appear again. Address,

F. D. OSBORN, Spore, O.

PARALYSIS CURED. New Methods. Write for pamphlets to Sanitarium, Union Springs, N.Y.

WANTED—Lady in every town to sell the Richards Stocking and Supporter. Trade mark. Stockings and novelties. Good profit. Cut this out. Address, S. C. Chase, 3 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS wanted to canvass business houses for a New Account Book. For sample, terms, etc., address H. W. PARMELEE, 10 Read St., N. Y.

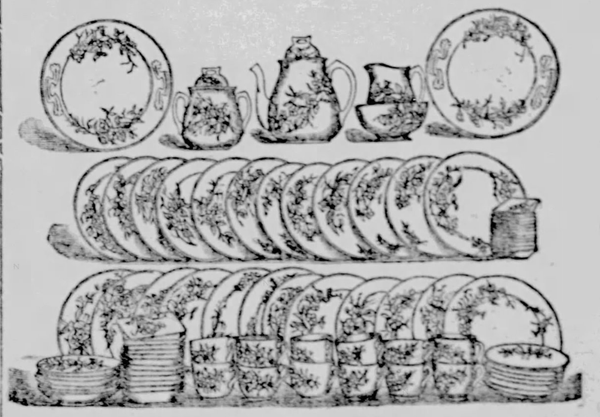
WANTED—Salesmen with established trade in wholesale notions (or side line). Steady work. Shelbley & Co., 625 Market street, Philadelphia, Penn.

FREE! COUPON No. 122 FREE!

We will send FREE to any reader of this paper any one of these engraved gold front Lace Pins or Gent's gold front Watch Charm worth one dollar, on the condition that you cut out the black Coupon No. 122, and also cut out the pin you want, or if you want the charm, cut that out. Remember, we will send free one article to each and every person who sends the black coupon. This grand offer is made for the purpose of introducing our jewelry. Address, J. LYNN & CO., P. O. Box 1804, New York.

Blade Tea Set.

Eighty pieces, handsomely decorated, in colors and gold band. Only $7.50 for this Elegant China Tea Set and the Weekly BLADE, one year! or we will present a set to any person sending us a club of 15 subscribers and $13.00, THE CLUB OF 15 NAMES ALL TO BE SENT AT ONE TIME.



We have contracted with the largest pottery in the United States to make for us a large quantity of Blade Tea Sets of Special designs and decorations. In so large purchases as we make, for cash we have secured the lowest prices in the world for such goods, and at the same time we require the finest quality of material, the best grade of workmanship, and the most artistic design of color and decorations. Twenty years ago none but the most wealthy could afford such a set as we here offer, but now we propose to place them within the reach of every reader of the BLADE.

This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 break fast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot and cover, 1 sugar bowl and cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl. These goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer, and shipped upon one order direct to the purchaser. They can be sent by freight or express. We advise freight, as the expense is lighter. The receiver pays transportation. We think a little over $1.00 will pay freight, to any point east of the Mississippi, while it may require from $2.00 to $2.50 to carry a set beyond the Rockies." We are assured that these sets can be sent safely in no other way. We know the material, enamel, style and decoration to be superior to foreign goods that retail for twice the amount we ask for these. Never was so handsome a set offered for so little money. We make no profit. We want to encourage clubs. Most any energetic person can raise a club of 15 subscribers to the BLADE in a day or two.

A Decorated Toilet or Chamber Set.

Twelve large pieces, richly decorated in colors and g

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE WHITE CROSS ARMY.

Women's Conviction, Out of Which It Had Its Origin.

TWO or three letters have come to me lately asking information in regard to the White Cross society, its origin and purposes. Briefly I will try to answer.

It had its origin in a deep-seated, forceful conviction among women that the time had come, when, in the name of all humanity holds dearest, some effort should be made to check the rushing tide of social impurity that was desolating the homes of our land, that was bearing our young men on to destruction, that was a constant menace to the honor of our young girls—a conviction that the strongest and most determined influence must be brought to bear upon legislation through their own labor, and through the rising tide of better thought among men aroused by the earnestness of their own thought in that direction.

Mothers and wives had sat by lonely hearthstones while sons and husbands spent their hours with the "scarlet woman." They had writhed in humiliation under the unwritten law that condemned their sisters to infamy, while they who had trespassed with them walked abroad unsmirched in the eyes of society.

They knew—these earnest women—that women themselves were largely to blame for this state of things; that they give social condonement to the man while they wrap their silken robes about them and pass their sinning sister by upon the other side. They do this because the sentiment has grown through all the centuries that in this one respect the woman must be the stronger; that she must, even with her life if necessary, preserve the honor of the family for her childrens' sake, while it matters not what enormity the father may be guilty of. That sentiment is an outcome of the same feeling which prompts the savage Cossack chieftains to beat their wives to death because the latter have been untrue during their absence in wars, while "the outrages inflicted by them upon women were limited by opportunity alone." Men have always, as now, demanded purity in their wives while they, themselves, offended against every law of right in this direction, and these mothers and wives, conscious of this fact, knew that upon them devolved the God-given task of arousing a counter sentiment which shall place the two sexes upon an equality not only before the law but before the public; that what is condemned in the one shall be in the other; that what is condoned in the man shall be in the woman, and that there shall be but one code of morals for the race.

WHAT THEY RESOLVE.

Women resolved that they would no longer sit by in silence while, by iniquitous laws little innocent girls hardly past childhood, could be made the prey of men old enough to be their grandfathers, and these men could not be punished. They resolved to fight to the bitter end a legislation that discriminated against their unfortunate sisters in favor of those who had wrought their ruin, and who would hold them to their shame and degradation.

These thoughts had been growing stronger and more potent as the years went by, both in England and in this country, until they finally culminated in action. As always, there were one or two who stepped forward and bore the first shock of the battle. Mrs. Josephine Butler, wife of Canon Butler, of Winchester Cathedral, in England, "was the earliest public champion of the cause of social purity." That she worked to a successful purpose, history will record to her honor.

WHITE CROSS ARMY.

Another woman, Miss Ellice Hopkins, educated as a Christian worker in London, was the leader in the White Cross movement. "The sorrows of women, as she learned of them in the great city, wrought mightily upon her heart, and she determined to make a distinct appeal to the chivalry of men, since, because all women ought to be pure, all men ought to be virtuous." She founded the White Cross Army for young men under the patronage of the Bishop of Durham in 1883. In the six years that have passed since that time the movement has grown in strength and spread to this side of the water, where, all over the United States, these societies have been formed.

The members are exclusively men, young men who take upon themselves these obligations:

1—To treat all women with respect and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

2—To endeavor to put down all indecent language and course jests.

3—To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

4—To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions and try to help my younger brothers.

5—To use all possible means to fulfil the command, "Keep thyself pure."

As every true man, as every true woman can see, the assuming and fulfilling of these obligations must elevate society, must bring about purer, better conditions that will be felt through every branch of it; that will make happier homes, and better fathers, husbands, sons and brothers. True womanhood will be strengthened in proportion as it is reverenced and its purity guarded by the men whose noble manhood wins and holds a love that under such circumstances is deathless.

IN THIS COUNTRY.

Conspicuous among those who, in this country, have led in this movement, stands Miss Francis E. Willard, the president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Fearlessly, and in the face of bitter criticism, she and a few others like her have worked to extend the White Cross reign over the young men of our land, and to rescue fallen women from the depths of their degradation. They have not desisted because society has been shocked that they dared to touch upon such a subject. They have gone right on, speaking and writing eloquent words of appeal to men to honor virtue in all women—to women, to help raise their fallen sisters out of their shame into a better life.

And it is essentially a work for *all* women. Miss Willard well says: "Whatever standard women steadfastly insist upon, with power to enforce that insistence, men will attain. In practical life this greatest of reforms will work itself out in this wise: Whenever the young women of this nation, or any other, able to earn their own living, ready for an independent life, yet sweetly drawn by the eloquent persuasions of their hearts to the old and sacred pathways of love, marriage and home,—whenever they can say to the young men: 'You must choose between tobacco and me;' 'you must choose between strong drink and me;' 'you must choose between an immoral life and me,' then, and not till then, these sensual indulgences will be relinquished by young men; then, and not till then, the cause of social purity shall grandly triumph."

That time must come, for the subject lies close to the heart of many women, and more and more are they casting out fear, and donning the "white ribbon," which shows where they stand. The time must come when the fair young maiden will not jest over the "sowing of wild oats" by her future husband; when parents will not hug to their bosoms the fond illusion that their boy's immorality is only an evidence of his high spirit; when society will have one law for both men and women. And men and women will work together to bring about this better state of things, for to all true hearts comes the same conviction. "Working side by side be it their's and our's to restore to this pitiful world the Eden it has lost."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

AUTUMN FESTIVALS.

A week or so ago some suggestions were made in regard to autumn decorations. Now that the time for festivals and early winter fairs is approaching, perhaps a few hints for the arrangement of booths for fairs would not be amiss. Every booth could be made a bower of beauty, no matter how homely the article for sale. For instance, in one the wild clematis could be used to beautify every corner with its white feathery masses. All the articles for sale should be tied with knots of white ribbon, while the presiding genius should be attired in snowy white, a blue-eyed, blonde-haired, snow maiden. In the next stall the golden rod should be massed everywhere with knots of yellow ribbon to tie the things, and the queen of all a veritable "black-eyed Susan" in her robes of yellow. And then should come the purple aster, with its lovely knots of ribbon from the palest heliotrope to the darkest purple, and the mistress of all a lovely flower herself with her gleaming golden hair and pale heliotrope gown with touches of deeper purple here and there. Then comes the bitter-sweet and mountain ash with their scarlet berries and flowing red ribbons, with the dark eyed gypsy maiden in her red, red garments. Another still, of autumn leaves of every tint, red, yellow, green, brown, with bows of ribbon of every color, and the brown eyed, brown haired girl with her softly shaded dress of richest tints—and so on with all the beauties that are to be found in meadow and forest.

These hints could be utilized in home entertainments with the different rooms decorated as the taste might dictate, each one who assisted in entertaining dressed in accordance with the room in which she presided. On a table in the hall should be a large box—such as are used as wood boxes. In this should be grouped all these forest beauties, the exterior completely covered with wreathing vines of clematis, the mountain ash berries and vivid colored leaves.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PRETTY SACHET.—Get several different shades of No. 12 ribbon, each ten inches long. Fringe both ends of each and sew up sides, and then stuff each one with cotton batting rolled tight, first sprinkling it with sachet powder. Let the cotton come to within an inch of the ends, then tie one end of each with narrow ribbon and fasten together hanging by different lengths of the ribbon, and have a large full bow where fastened.

PRETTY ORNAMENT.—Get pine cones, or cones of different sizes, bronze them with different colors, put a screw nail in the stem of each and tie them together with lengths of gay ribbon.

HANDKERCHIER BAG.—Get ⅝ of a yard of surah silk or satin. Make a bag, turning the top down a finger deep. Line with some other silks, making a shirr for strings. Get metal rings and crochet over them with silk. Sew them together so as to make a border a finger deep around the bottom of bag. Finish covered with gold colored silk over black silk is handsome, with gold colored strings. Colors can be chosen to suit toilettes.

"School Girl;" The above are pretty things to give as Christmas souvenirs to your schoolmates, and more will be published from time to time. You might also send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get the new book of "Fancy Work and House Decoration," that contains descriptions of many nice things.

THE DAISY GLOVE BOX.—Go to a picture-framing store and get made a box of the wood used as picture backing, 9x9. The lid should be attached by small hinges. Any light wood will do for this box. Line it with rich blue or pink satin, quilting beautifully in place. Procure at some reliable art store a bottle of azure or peach blow enamel. Shake well, and then apply to your box with a good sized brush. If the enamel appears too thick, thin it a little with turpentine. Do not enamel the top only about an inch around the edges. When dry, glue on the top small, handsome artificial daises, placing them in even rows. If they have stems when you purchase them, cut the stems off. Small pink roses make a lovely top for a box ebonized in ivory enamel. This enamel can be used on old mirror frames, and also for ebonizing panels and pinacles. It comes in the following colors: Black; white; ivory; azure; peach blow; green; maroon. The bottles contain 4 ounces each. Questions in regard to the "art notes" which appear in the BLADE will be answered if accompanied by three 2 cent stamps to cover cost of reply.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph Co. Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch s t, slow chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; o t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

DOUBLE OAK LEAF LACE.—Cast on 17 stitches. Knit across plain. 1st row—sl 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2—to 2—n—to 2—n—k 2—to 2—n—to 2—n—k 1. 2d row—sl 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—n—p 1—p 1—k 2—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—sl 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 3—to 2—n—to 2—n—k 3—to 2—n—to 2—k 1. 4th row—sl 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—n—p 1—n—p 1—k 3—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—sl 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 4—to 2—n—to 2—n—k 1—to 2—n—to 2—n—k 1. 6th row—sl 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 4—n—p 1—n—p 1—k 4—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 7th row—sl 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 5—to 2—n—k 12. 8th row—k 12—n—p 1—k 5—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th row—sl 1—k 1—to 2—p 2 tog—k 17—n, 10th row—Bind off 5. Now you have 16 on your left-hand needle and one on your right—k 12—to 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 6 of 2 means thread over twice.—BETSY BAKER.

GENTLEMAN'S SCARF FOR COMFORTER.—"Constant Reader" asked for a scarf or comforter pattern. I will send directions for making one like I made last winter, which, I thought, was very pretty. I do not remember how much yarn I had. I took of Germantown yarn, plain brown, clouded—clouded blue, clouded yellow, clouded green. Make the center of the brown; chain 70 stitches, 1st row—3 d c in 4th st of chain—ch 3—1 s c in same st—*—miss 2 stitches of chain—make 3 d c in next 3 st of ch—3 ch—1 s c in same st—repeat from * to end of row, turn; 2d row: chain 2 * 3 d c in ch of 3—ch 3—1 s c in same ch of 3; repeat from * to end of row; make a ch of 2 at commencement of each row; fringe the ends. As a finish to the sides you can make scallops.

1 s c—5 d c—1 s c in each ch of 2. The one I made was 3 yds long, the center of the brown and then the other colors on each end of the brown.

I have a fancy to knit mittens with shells on the back if any one would like it I will send it.—BRADNER SAL.

Let every member of the HOUSEHOLD, who has an interest in knitting and crocheting, send to this department anything new in either line that they may learn, providing it is not too long and complicated.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KINDERGARTEN METHODS IN PRIMARY SCHOOLS.—My question proper is, to what extent can primary teachers use kindergarten methods and material in their schools and successfully accomplish the work required of them? These are teachers of primary departments of two or three grades. The question proper is a lengthy one. I can not frame it in fewer words. It bears a strong resemblance to the title page of a book two or three centuries ago. It is an important one, however; one that I have spent some thought on, and must spend much more time on to arrive at the desired end. I have used kindergarten material in my schools for a number of years, but not many kindergarten methods. I have done as most primary teachers can do with a number of grades. I have used it as busy work. Very seldom have I found time to give scholars the instruction they needed with material. Primary teachers understand me in this. You know what it means to have twice as much to do as you can do in your school room.

In schools where beginners are in a separate room, kindergarten material can be used properly. When children are sent at the age of 5 years, as in some of our Western states, they do better work afterwards if kept at kindergarten occupations principally, the first six months at least of their school life. A child of 5 can seldom finish the first year's work in that length of time.

Mrs. Hailman says a child uses his hands when first beginning kindergarten work, with barely as much intelligence as a kitten does its paws. This, I think, applies to a child of that age.

In the kindergarten, and it should be so in the school, he learns to use the ends of his fingers, cultivating delicacy of touch and tenderness for helpless things. The average child of 5 is a mere baby. He does not understand the use of his hands. We find him working with them doubled into fists. His tendency is to roughly smooth paper with his chubby little fist instead of gently with his fingers. He also loves to pound things into shape as though he must force things to do his will. This is unhealthy and dangerous to himself, as it reflects upon him in many ways. He must be led quietly to ways of gentleness and kindness. His mission is to aid, not drive, others. He must love his states, his books, and his schoolmates. He must be gentle in his actions toward all things, animate and inanimate, as they all in turn help him. In using kindergarten material should be used when not given for busy work, to more clearly and pleasantly illustrate what we wish them to learn, as paper folding, to teach them lines and their relation, blocks for number work, sticks for number work and drawing, and all for language work. But in using material you must guard yourself that you are using kindergarten method, as you are only doing so when kindergarten instruction accompanies the use of gifts and occupations. You may fail in ways that a kindergartener would never think of using.

The kindergarten has great fascination to me. It teaches a child so many useful and beautiful things. I like the manner of the teacher toward her pupils. She follows the child and guides him in his way, instead of making him follow *her* plan in *her* way. We teach more naturally when we put this method of the kindergarten into practice. We can lead him to the right path in learning instead of forcing him there. The kindergartner's method of speaking to the children is a method of inspiration that the primary teacher. Not only for its kindliness, but for its natural, child-like expression, its sincerity and sympathy with them.

Songs, games and rhymes are indispensable in the primary grades. They take the place of dry calisthenics. They exercise the muscles in a natural way while giving amusement to the child. The child does not think "now I am giving to my body an exercise which it would be unhealthy without." The mind thinks of only its enjoyment. It is unconsciously receiving rest, which is the only true rest. The games teach what is found throughout the kindergarten, kindness and unity.

I want to tell all I can what Mrs. Hailmann says about play. So many are against kindergarten material in schools, as it has the appearance of play. She says that all work, whether in or out of school, at all times of life, should have the appearance of play; that one succeeds who makes his work play and that he is truly successful only when he does so. He who finds his work drudgery or tiresome, has lost interest in his work and is growing old, melancholy and dyspeptic, because he has not found out how to convert his work into play. Because it is considered in this light is no new reason that it is not difficult. Has not every work lost half its load when worrying and complaining ceases?

A primary teacher must be careful in choosing kindergarten material for her busy work, and also in the use of it after it is chosen, as the children left to themselves with it will fall into careless habits. Without the material they are apt to be mischievous and idle. With the material, with proper instruction, they add carelessness of what is somebody's property. Find that material which gives the greatest variety of invention on the part of the pupil, but do not let it take the place of all seat work. Writing is of more value than matweaving, the drawing of simple geometrical figures than block-building in schools where work for the year is mapped out, and work must be done for the next promotion. But little hands cannot write nor draw all day, and we teachers can find barely time to glance at their work. Other classes claim our attention.

I have made out a list of work which I think the best for primary grades. Much material in our schools is useless, as it requires instruction as it is being used, and as busy work, it can receive but little attention from the teacher, and without help they soon tire of it and have a tendency to convert it into objects of their own amusements not proper for the schoolroom, and to destroy it.

For busy work I believe the following can be used to better advantage than the other gifts or occupations.

First—Blocks for building. One objection to them is that they are noisy. Some desks slant too much and many primary rooms are too small for the use of the table. However, blocks are better than many other things. According to Dr. Hailmann, the plain wood is preferable to the colored, as the child's attention is not diverted from the forms he is making to the brightness.

A little stick laying with those of one or two inches. I prefer colors in something to teach it, and therefore like colored sticks.

Mat weaving with slats of one half inch wide. The narrower are not practical in schools.

Tiles and pegs for busy work or numbers to help make a variety.

I believe the very best busy work will be found in stringing Mrs. Hailmann's beads. They are in the forms of spheres, cylinders and cubes of one-half inch in diameter. Each child should have at least one-half box. The string of beads can be fastened to double-headed sacks at the ends of the desks, thus affording capital number work.

I have tried stringing different colored corn (natural colors, red, white and yellow), which I found nice, quiet, busy work, but not good number work. The corn must be soaked twelve hours for stringing.

Dr. and Mrs. Hailmann were teaching in a summer school of methods last June for four weeks. I attended a short time. Their instruction is fine. Their books on Kindergarten methods for Primary schools is fine. Mrs. Hailmann's song book is one of the best for primary teachers.

If any one wishes to know where to obtain material and books, of which I have spoken, I will send an address if they send me postage.—MARY FLOYD, BOX 256, Seward, Neb.

INQUIRIES.

Will Montana May or some of THE BLADE readers describe some pleasant amusement for an evening party? I wish to give a large party this winter and want to substitute something in the place of card playing and dancing. Also, what refreshments should be served. If the editor so wishes, I can send some pretty directions for fancy work and household decoration.—TRIXY.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have them.

If MRS. CHAS. MERRILL will correspond with the undersigned perhaps she can give some information in regard to the making of the children's winter dresses.—MRS. ELLA PRINTY, Center Point, Linn county, Iowa.

Will some one send the directions for knitting the shell work on the back of mittens?—MISS ADDIE CRONK, Wallace P. O., DeKalb county, Ills.

Will some one of your correspondents please inform me of the kind of cement used in the construction of aquariums?—J. D. MCCOY.

Will some one who has had experience with oiled pine floor tell me whether it has proved satisfactory? I do not mean a stain, but simply oil. Also what kind of oil to use and how to apply it?—MRS. STREYFFELER, Sprague, Wash.

Will some one please send a few dialogues and tableaus, that they have no use for, to country mite society?—CORA BEASLEY, Burden, Cowley county, Kan.

Will some of the readers of THE BLADE send through the columns of the HOUSEHOLD department a list of about twelve subjects for orations for graduation exercises?—R. F.

Will some one please send some novels they have read and do not care to part with to a country girl? Will pay postage. Write first, if you wish, but if you send the novels the postage will be promptly returned.—L. M. C., Mills Prairie, Ill.

Will the lady desiring a little girl, from 12 to 13 years of age, please write to Box 215, Homer, Ill., and inform me if she lives in country or town, etc?

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD that knows tell me something of San Francisco? Would like to go there to work. Can do housework. Please tell the wages given. —WORKER.

If there are any readers of THE BLADE that have story papers, such as *Golden Hours*, *Boys of New York* or *Yank e Blade*, and will send them to me, I will be ever so much obliged, as I am one of the shut-ins. Anything will be thankfully received. I can not send postage in return, as I am too poor. Please send to Mrs. G. W. BABCOCK, P. O. box 415, Roseville, Ill.

The following is a list of the addresses of persons who desire to make a BLADE postal card album:

Edith Ellis, Postville, Iowa; Miss Hannie H. Webb, Milliville, Cumberland county, New Jersey; Jennie Baker, Rumeroburg, Penn.; Myrtle, Box 73, New Point, Holt county, Mo.; Ed. J. Allen, Garfield, Ill.; Wm. M. Hightower, Rumble, Ind.; Annie Simmons, Oberlin, Decatur county, Kan.; Miss Edith Bryhau, Ellenboro, Wis.; Bertha Knight, Franklinville, Catt. county, N. Y.; Maud Harrold, Highland, Kan.; Miss Jennie Jones, Enoch, Taylor county, Ky.; Emma A. Smaltz, North River Mills, Hampshire county, W. Va.; Miss Sadie E. Owen, 585 Orange street, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Jennie D. McDuffee, Douglass P. O. Fayette county, Iowa; A. J. Moore, Concordia, Cloud county, Kan.; Mrs. Ettie C. Ellis, Coffeysburg, Daviess county, Mo.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. E.: You should hold your potato with a fork, not with the fingers.

J. W. R.: It depends upon circumstances. If the correspondence was begun at your solicitation, you should courteously answer the first letter, without expressing any desire for a repetition. That, perhaps, would be the polite way in any case. It is easy enough to make your letter show that you do not care for a correspondence, and yet do it politely. Of course, if it is the outcome of a newspaper advertisement, you can simply drop all letters received except those you desire to reply to.

Maud T., Russell, Iowa: Your question has been recently answered in the HOUSEHOLD at length, by two women physicians. Look over your back numbers, and you will find them. We cannot now repeat. If you cannot find them, any good physician will tell you how to proceed.—ED.

I wish to say to all those who applied to me for papers that I did the best I could by all. I sent to all those who sent postage and to some that did not send postage.—MRS. S. W. HYATT, Ducktown, Tenn.

MRS. W. T. TINE, we are unable to tell you where the article you desire is manufactured. Go to some first-class tailoring establishment and inquire. They use something of that kind sometimes.—ED.

If Annie M. Groff, Wallace, will take one ounce of common chestnut tree leaves to one quart of boiling water, and when the solution is cold give a cupful three times a day, the last dose being given when the patient retires, after twenty-four or thirty-six hours the patient will be relieved. Then the dose may be administered in smaller quantity.—J. W. SNYDER.

If "Babies' Friend" will write to Mrs. G. E. Hamilton, 739 Rowner street, East Toledo, Ohio, the lady who signed herself "A Young Housekeepor" in her request to "Babies' Friend" will be very much obliged for any patterns she may send, and will be glad to return postage.

Answer to inquiry, signed "A Mother:" If the lady will write to Elesa H. Colgny, Goenville, New Mexico, via Clayton, she will stand a chance of getting an exceptionally bright little girl of eleven years.—M. L. MOORE.

In reply to Mrs. Amanda Paxton, would like to say that if she will take her little son and practice with him in the manner I am about to explain I am sure she will be pleased with the result. After speaking each word make him tap the floor with his foot. Five minutes at a time for practice will be quite enough.—MABEL.

The following addresses are sent for "Farmer's Daughter" to correspond with, with regard to short-hand writing:

J. D. Letts, Shelby, N. C.

"Stenog," Look box 89, Columbia, S. C.

Benton Bowman, Annapolis, Crawford county, Ill.

"Mrs. H. S.," Sandorn, Ind.: We do not know anything of the system you speak of. If you had a circular of his and would send to the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD, we would make an effort to find out about him.

Miss Bouton has already written a series of papers upon "Health and Beauty," which were afterwards published in book form by the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., and is now sent by them postpaid for $1.

Many thanks for your good wishes.—ED.

RECIPES.

The following recipes for ice cream are given in answer to an inquiry for them:

FREEZING ICE CREAM.—Break the ice very fine and use two parts of the fine ice to one part of rock salt. Procure a good freezer, pour cream into can, place in position. Begin with a layer of ice 3 or 4 inches deep, follow with salt, then ice, packing well with a round stick. Do not drain off the water that forms in keg. Turn slowly, increase speed, as cream hardens, and when the crank turns with difficulty remove beater, stir up contents with a heavy spoon, cork aperture, set away in a cool place covered with a blanket or piece of carpet.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.—Two quarts new milk, yolks of 4 eggs and 2 cupfuls of sugar heated and stirred constantly in double boiler till thick as cream. When cold or ready to freeze, add 1 qt rich cream, whipped, beaten whites of 4 eggs, ½ teaspoonful of vanilla and 2 ozs. grated chocolate, which has been melted with 1 cupful of sugar and 1 tablespoonful of water.

PLAIN ICE CREAM may be made same way, simply omitting chocolate, and using instead juice of 2 lemons boiled with cupful of sugar.

MACAROON ICE CREAM.—Soak ½ a box of gelatine for 2 hours in water enough to cover; add a pt. of scalding milk; when dissolved strain into 2 pts. cold milk, to which you have added 2 cupfuls sugar, tablespoonful vanilla essence, 1 qt. cream; when two-thirds frozen, add one and a half pounds crushed macaroons, and beaten whites of five eggs.

WALNUT ICE CREAM.—Beat together a quart of milk, yolks of eight eggs and two cups of sugar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly till thick as rich cream. When cold add a teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of sugar, a quart of cream or very rich milk (half cream, half milk), the meats from a quart of English walnuts, pounding or chopping them fine. Freeze usual way.

GOOD ICE CREAM.—To a quart of very rich milk take ten tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla or lemon extract. If cream is white beat one egg and add to color.—M. E., Washington, Kansas.

REMEDY FOR WATER BUGS AND ROACHES.—Put several bottles full of sweet liquids in the places they frequent, drawing narrow tapes from the neck of the bottles to the floor to serve as bridges for them to get to the liquid. Quantities will go to their death by drowning in this way.

SOME REMEDIES.—Please let me enter for a moment, as I have a few hints for the reader. A sure cure for warts is damp table salt. Bind on at night a few times; and for chilblains, mix together air-slacked lime and fresh lard, to make a salve and bind on at night. For corns mix laudine, together one part carbolic acid, and six parts olive oil, dampen a piece of soft cotton or linen, and wrap the burn with it.

And now for my benefit. Will some one send a recipe for a fruit pudding, something that would be good for Christmas, easy to make and not too costly? YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Many thanks for collection of "cats."—ED.

TO KEEP GRAPES.—Here is a good way to keep grapes fresh for six months. Take nice bunches that have no grapes off, dip the end of the stem in melted sealing wax, place in a box with occasional butting between, so they do not touch each other in the box. Another way is to lay them separately in a box, each bunch in a thin paper wrapping, then put a layer of paper over that, and another layer of grapes, and so on.

Christian Charity.

Clerk—Lady out there with a flashy paste necklace wants to know if it's pure diamond or not.

Jeweler—Look like a married woman?

"Yes."

"Tell her it is. No use makin' trouble for poor husbands these hard times."—*New York Weekly.*

—Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liars?" Send one dollar to DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his Antidote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GALLION, IOWA.	TOLEDO, O.
Mattie M Martin	Roy Slough
MOUNT IDAHO, I. T.	Cadet Slough
Hervin Rothwell	

Names this week, 4. Total, 27,514.

The above embraces all names received up to October 11.

THE QUEER LITTLE MOTHER.

BY NELLIE C. ALEXANDER.

I.

Come, little darlings, with bright dancing eyes,
I've a story to tell, I know 'twill surprise,
Of a beautiful mother and little ones dear.
'Tis true, every word, for I saw them this year.

II.

In a corner where sunshine and soft breezes
Where butterflies, hum-bees and crickets oft strayed,
This dear mamma made for her babies a home;
For floor she had grass, for walls, heaven's dome.

III.

Now, this beautiful mother wore elegant clothes,
How many she had, I'm sure nobody knows;
Dresses red, dresses striped, dresses softer than silk,
Dresses blue, purple, pink, some whiter than milk.

IV.

Then, when the bright daylight went out in the west,
And the wee baby-darlings were folded to rest,
She would roll up her dress in the fanciest way,
And take out a new one to wear the next day.

V.

This queer little mother of friends had a host.
'Twere hard to discover which one loved her most;
One thing in truth, I'm quite able to say.
They came by the dozens to see her each day.

VI.

The spiders appeared, bringing elegant lace,
Woven in patterns of beauty and grace;
The grasshoppers trim, in their jackets of green,
With music and dancing attended their queen.

VII.

Each butterfly came with his bright-colored fan,
More gorgeous than any I've seen from Japan,
It scarcely can be they were meant for mere show,
Yet, I must say, they moved them exceedingly slow.

VIII.

But what would betide me, if I should forget
To mention young Bumble in velvet and jet?
Who always came in with a buzz and a hum,
And brought to the babies some nice little crumb.

IX.

In kindest return, he was offered a cup
Of honey, the sweetest, and he soon drank it up;
Then saying: "Good morning," he was up and away,
Buzzing his promise to come back the next day.

X.

The katydids, too, with their quarrel and song,
And lots and beetles swelled the great throng.
Thus, from morn's early glow till the evening star shone
This beautiful hostess was never alone.

XI.

Now, this mother so gay, was very good, too;
For her babies she lived, to them ever was true;
The choicest of food she gave them to eat,
And wrapped them up snugly from floods down to feet.

XII.

In daintiest cribs she laid them to rest,
And o'er th m spread coverings the finest and best;
And through the long night she rocked while they slept;
While the moon and the stars their bright vigils kept.

XIII.

"What an odd little mother!" did you say, little boy?
And "what is her name?" did you ask, little Floy?
And *you* think you'll not be able to *guess*,
But wait for her name, my bright little Bess?

XIV.

When old winter grows tired of his bluster and blow,
And his cap had been stripped of his white plumes of snow,
When joyous young spring, and bright summer again
Come back with their sunshine and soft dropping rain,

XV.

These little plant babies, now asleep in their beds,
Will push off their blankets and peep up their heads,
And as 'round the trellis they gracefully twine,
Will "coo like "Mamma"—Mrs. Morning-glory Vine.

—*The Kindergarten.*

QUEENIE.

A Story of a Trick Pony, Two Boys and a Band of Gypsies.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

TWO BOYS from Bryn Mawr, George Darrell and Harry Dunbar, had tramped to Valley Forge to look at Washington's headquarters, and the old forts and rifle pits still to be seen in the vicinity. The boys were about the same age, and equally smart, though Harry was quite a musical genius in his way. The mouth-organ was his constant companion and he could play it with wonderful proficiency. After viewing the objects of interest, the boys bought some crackers and cheese at the store, stared in at the doors of the paper mill, and then borrowed a boat and rowed from the breast of the dam toward the head of Valley creek.

"What's that?" asked Harry, pointing.

"I guess it's a Gypsy camp," decided George.

On a level stretch of sward among the trees, a few dirty tents were visible, and as many canvas-covered wagons. A camp fire was burning, and dark skinned foreigners were lounging here and there. Some dogs set up a barking, but did not come down to the water's edge. The boys rowed past the camp, and landed on the opposite bank. They saw a pretty, white pony grazing under some trees.

"Oh, look! look!" cried George Darrell, unconsciously clapping his hands. "As I live, there is Queenie!" She was stolen from us last summer."

The boys went up to the pony.

"Queenie, pet! Queenie!" George caressingly said.

The pretty little animal whinnied, and thrust her nose against him in pleased recognition.

"She's mine," George said. "These Gypsies stole her from me."

Just then a big, rough Gypsy stepped in front of the boys.

"Oh, the Gypsies stole her, did they," he savagely said. "Couldn't they have bought her, or traded for her? Besides, there's more than one white pony in the world."

"Thousands of them, for all I know," George said. "But there is only one Queenie. My uncle bought her for me, and she was stolen last summer. Don't you see she knows me?"

"Pooh!" sneered the Gypsy. "She will walk up to anybody. No doubt you've an apple in your pocket."

"No, I haven't," declared George. "I can prove she's Queenie by a trick I taught her. I'll drop my handkerchief where she won't see it. I'll tell her, and she'll go and get it."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed the man. "That would be as good as a circus. Now, just let us see her do it."

George dropped his handkerchief behind the pony. Then, rubbing her gently on the nose he said, in an ordinary tone of voice:

"Queenie, I dropped my handkerchief somewhere. Go and get it for me."

The pony gave George an affectionate shove with her nose, turned, looked around her, saw the handkerchief, picked it up, and extended it to her old master.

"Pretty Queenie! Good Queenie!" cried George, his face shining with satisfaction.

The pony must have been just as much pleased, for she whinnied softly.

"What have you got to say now?" demanded George, his eyes fixed upon the Gypsy.

"The pony's entirely to smart," growled the man. "And so are you, my boy. So smart, in fact, that I'll have to ask you to go to the camp with me. And the other kid, too. After you have traveled with us a week we'll let you go. We couldn't let you slip off and give us away about the pony. That wouldn't be smart in us, now, would it?"

Herry shrank away from the man, while George rubbed the end of his nose in a nonplussed, contemplative way. He saw the dilemma in which he had placed himself.

"Right about face!" ordered the Gypsy with a fling of his hand. "If you attempt to run I'll send a bullet after you."

When they reached the camp the other members of the band gathered around them and the chief made an announcement in a language which the boys did not understand. He probably told them about the recognition of the pony and the necessity of getting out of the neighborhood.

"If you have got any money you had better give it to me to keep for you," suggested one of the men with a grin.

"Thank you," replied George, "I'll take care of it myself."

"Now, just yank it over," the man angrily ordered, at the same time drawing an ugly-looking knife.

George handed over his money, but did it with great reluctance.

"Is that a Waterbury?" asked another of the men as he pointed at George's watch chain. "Hand it over to me. I want to lie awake all night winding it."

The watch was handed over, and then Harry's turn came. He had but two dollars, and he delivered them up.

"Now, I've just got this to say," remarked the chief. "We've got to pull up stakes early to-morrow morning, and it will be better for you to go willingly. If you try to sneak off you'll be shot, and buried in some lonely gulch. Remember, I mean it."

Harry's face grew pale with alarm, but George simply closed his lips a little more tightly.

When night set in the boys made a bed of leaves within the circle of the camp and stretched themselves upon it. They talked in an undertone and kept their eyes on the alert. They had no blankets to cover them, but that did not matter, for the air was dry and the night balmy.

"We are in a pickle, but no doubt we can get out of it," George said. "The way they have acted shows that they stole Queenie. It is a wonder they dared to come so near Bryn Mawr again."

The dogs were curled up in the black edges of the camp. The fire of dry logs burned brightly, with a snapping sound, filling the air with a pungent odor and adding a quivering motion to the shadows. The horses were tethered among the trees; the women retired to bed in a covered wagon; two men slept beside the fire, while a third smoked a pipe. George was the first of the boys to fall asleep. He did not know how long he had been asleep, nor what had awakened him. He heard sweet, far-away sounds.

"Are you awake, Harry?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Harry. "I haven't been asleep yet."

"Do you hear that music?" asked George. "I guess it is the band over at Port Kennedy."

"I don't hear any band," replied Harry.

"Well, it has stopped now," George said. "I guess you heard *me*," rejoined Harry. "I was playing the mouth-organ."

"But it sounded over so far away," objected George.

"Perhaps you weren't quite awake," suggested Harry. "Then, too, I played it softly, with my hand shut around it."

"Play it again," requested George.

Harry did so, and George was delighted. He had never heard such sweet music from an instrument of that kind.

"Harry, it is a gift!" he said.

They talked on for a while longer. The watching man still tugged at his pipe, though there was probably neither tobacco nor fire in it. The boys felt that if they ever escaped it would require great adroitness. An owl hooted in the woods; a jay-hawk pounded against a hollow log; a bittern screamed among the marshes; a dog bayed way off at a farm house; the moon came up and silvered the bosom of Valley creek. At daylight the camp was astir. A plain, substantial breakfast was served, after which the boys were ordered to assist in the preparations for departure. The tents were taken down and packed into the wagons and the horses were harnessed. The chief rode on horseback and led Queenie by a halter.

The boys followed closely in the rear of the wagons, conscious that they were watched and too cunning to betray any signs of uneasiness. The gipsies traveled until noon, stopped long enough to prepare dinner and then resumed their journey. While careful not to be caught at it, George made himself friendly with the dogs. They were vicious-looking animals, but were beginning to regard him as a member of the gang.

The tent was pitched for the night in a ravine in sight of a thrifty village, and the next day the people came streaming into the camp. Giddy girls and silly young men paid to have their fortunes told, either by an old hag or one of the bright-eyed girls. Without just knowing what had suggested it to him, Harry took out his mouth-organ and played several airs upon it. Instantly there was a demand for more music, and a crowd gathered around him.

"So!" muttered the chief, as he glanced at the musician. "I'll keep that boy with us. He'll bring us in money."

He walked among the crowd, his greasy, low-crowned hat extended, a quizzical look on his face.

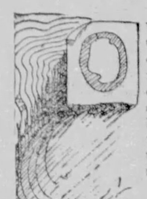
"It's worth something now, isn't it?" he asked. "I want to send the boy to Milan to get a musical education, and that will cost money, you know. Come now, shell out right lively."

The visitors were pleased with Harry and his music, and contributed liberally. The wily gypsy stowed the money away in his pocket, a gle

Talmage's Sermon.

MUST BE CONSTANTLY ALERT.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Sermon on Salvation, Prepared for Delivery at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Last Sunday.



TWING to the destruction of the Tabernacle, early last Sunday morning, Dr. Talmage did not preach, but his sermon, as prepared by him, was given to the press for publication. Following is a summary:

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldiers' uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there will never be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitement of the old Roman and Grecian games —those games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it—but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," and just as in the olden times a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant by his holy spirit we may so run as to obtain.

A Theology in Three Words.

The distinguished Welliston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words, "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we can understand all.

I remark in the first place, we must look to Christ as our personal Savior. Now, you know as well as I, that man is only a biasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and the guns booming, and that same vessel driving past Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the broken up steamer, as there is between man as he came out from the hands of God, equipped for a grand and glorious voyage, but afterward, through the pilotage of the devil, tossed and driven and crushed, the coast of the ages strewn with the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. Our body is wrong. How easily is it ransacked of disease. Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget. The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the tree of the forest, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderous. And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding around the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning, killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most inconsiderate thing for me to come to a man who is in financial trouble and enlarge upon his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to man in financial distress or physical distress if I have a financial re-enforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding: "Oh Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon the conqueror knocks, and the hinges creak and groan at the swinging open. The famine struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness, and the floods clap their hands, saying: "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and deep cut on the rocky bridle path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry riders or camels of the desert kneel at the banks of the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation silenced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus." But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus?" some one inquires. I mean faith.

"What Do You Mean by Faith?"

I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me and I have confidence in your veracity; if you say you will give me such a thing, and I need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man and will do what you say. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them." You say: "I can't come and ask first. I am afraid you won't give it to me." Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, then will give it to me, thou has given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I can't understand it." No man ever did without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off of my shoulders." No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

All over glorious is my Lord.
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

Look to Jesus for an Example.

I remark again that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now, a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass, and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it upon the mountain, or kindled it upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lashed to the deck in the midst of a tempest, and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So, if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Carlyle, or the weirdness of Spenser, or the epigrammatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultivates his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man, whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults but none of his virtues. There never was but one being fit to copy. A few centuries ago he came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people he was a perfect model. Among fishermen he showed how fishermen should act. Among taxgatherers he showed how taxgatherers should act. Among lawyers he showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers he showed how farmers should act. Among rulers he showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in his conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inaccurate; but they never found it. They watched him, oh! how they watched him. He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long he stayed, and when he came out, and whether he had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch him. Little children rushed out to get from him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see him pass. Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see his path across Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see him abused and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of impulsivity, see him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at his life of self-denial, his death of ignominy,

His Sepulcher of Humiliation.

Oh! what an example. His feet wounded, yet he submitted to the journey. His back lacerated, and yet he carried the cross. Struck, he never struck back again. Condemned, he rose higher than his calumniators, and with wounds in his hands, and wounds in his feet, and wounds on his brow, and wounds in his side, he ejaculated: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren, that is the pole by which to set your compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the crookedness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the transformation and would say: "I know not what is the matter with that man, he has been with Jesus and has learned of him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia, and the snow and ice were so great that the army halted and said: "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickax, went ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said: "If he can do that, we can do it," and they took their picks, and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from his glory, and through all icy obstacles hews a path for himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow me! I do not ask you to go through any experience or fight any battles where I do not lead the way. Follow me!"

Christ the Sympathizer.

Again I remark that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house to-day who does not know how anybody can live without sympathy. There are those, however, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty-five years in getting with hard work. How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less, busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I don't know. They dipped in the great Sahara with no water in the goat skins. They plunged to their chin in the slough of despond and had no one to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft, they put out into a black Euroclydon. My brother, my sister, there is a balm that cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a harbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Savior's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out, body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand to-day. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bether, Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is one passage of Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary" and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage, just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the Heavenly Shepherd leads the wounded and sick of the flock. The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus, and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Genesis's rainbow of mercy has waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there's coming after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk; but he heard at a distance among the dying man his wife said: "Oh, my God!" He said to himself: "I must help that man, though I can't walk." So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow was suffering and he preached to him the comfort of the Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound. It was sympathy going out toward an object most necessitous, and one that he could easily understand. And so it is with Christ, though wounded all over himself, he hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereavement, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness and he says: "I must go and help that soul," and he rolls over with wounds in head, wounds in hands, wounds in feet to hold us, until he comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and he puts his arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm and it is a wounded hand—and as he throws his arm over us I hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

The Heavenly Land.

Again, we must look to Christ as our final rescue. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that verdure. These shallow streams of earth, which a thirsty ox might drink dry or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the armies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear flood the trees of life dip their branches. These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light intershot with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoprasus. Oh! the contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Said a little blind boy: "Mamma, will I be blind in heaven?" "Oh, no, my dear, you won't be blind in heaven." A little lame child said: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why, when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says: "Wear this," and with a palm and says: "Wave this," and points to a throne and says: "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the new comer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of the king, crying: "Paise him!" "Praise him!"

Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

The Farm.

"Teetotaller Dick."

Our friends living on farms know the great desire young men have to leave the country and go to the cities; and no doubt many of them can recall sad cases wherein such young men fell under the temptation of drink, and had their lives ruined thereby. We ask all to read the announcement, on the fourth page of this issue, of Col. Knox's new story, "Teetotaller Dick," and aid us in setting before the youth of the land the strongest and most interesting temperance story yet written, by sending us lists of names of persons who might like to read it, to whom we will be glad to send sample copies of THE BLADE with the first chapters of the story. Please do it at once.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Corn Crop—Average Prices of Corn and Fat Hogs.

A subscriber, Greenfield, O.: The yield of corn in the United States since 1876 was:

Year.	Bushels.	Year.	Bushels.
1876	1,283,827,000	1883	1,551,067,000
1877	1,342,558,000	1884	1,795,528,000
1878	1,388,219,000	1885	1,936,176,000
1879	1,547,902,000	1886	1,665,441,000
1880	1,717,435,000	1887	1,456,161,000
1881	1,194,916,000	1888	1,987,790,000
1882	1,617,025,000		

The average price of hogs in the West since 1875-76 to 1887-88 inclusive, was:

Year.	Price.	Year.	Price.
1875-76	$7.05	1882-83	$6.28
1876-77	4.97	1883-84	5.18
1877-78	3.99	1884-85	4.29
1878-79	2.86	1885-86	3.66
1879-80	4.18	1886-87	4.17
1880-81	4.64	1887-88	5.06
1881-82	6.06		

The average price of corn since 1876 is given by the Cincinnati Price Current, as shown below:

Year.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	Yearly Average.
1876	41	42	47	50	48	43	46	44	47	48	47	41	46
1877	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	48	48	47	45	41	43
1878	39	39	41	44	43	41	43	43	42	39	34	33	40
1879	33	33	36	38	39	39	40	40	41	41	41	41	38
1880	41	41	41	41	41	41	41	44	44	43	43	44	42
1881	42	43	45	48	48	47	51	63	69	70	66	66	56
1882	67	66	67	73	78	76	76	76	76	76	76	76	74
1883	55	58	59	59	59	58	52	52	52	51	51	50	53
1884	53	54	54	55	56	56	56	55	53	43	39	39	52
1885	43	43	44	48	52	49	48	47	45	45	43	43	46
1886	38	38	39	41	43	39	41	43	43	38	37	38	40
1887	38	39	39	41	42	40	42	45	45	44	48	54	43
1888	52	51	56	56	58	52	49	47	47	46	44	37	49

To Change Cider Into Good Vinegar.

E. B., Pulaski, Kentucky: To change cider into vinegar in the shortest manner possible, put about 2 ozs. of yeast into the barrel, and add about 4 gals. of cider vinegar. Let the barrel stand open—that is, do not close the bung hole. The barrel should not be entirely full of cider.

Opthalmia.

J. B., Beech Creek, Pennsylvania: The hurt to your horse's eye resulted in simple opthalmia, which terminated by the film you speak of making its appearance. If the eye is inflamed, take of extract of belladona ½ oz., honey, ¼ oz. Mix well and use as an ointment, using a camel's hair brush. For the film on the eye take of nitrate of silver, 10 grains; water, 1 oz. Touch the film with a camel's hair brush dipped in the above, being careful not to put it on the clear part of the eye. Feed no corn for two or three weeks, and a bran mash twice a week. The treatment of the case of your horse should be in the hands of a veterinary if there is one in your vicinity, as it is delicate work, and medicine may be required.

Lame Horse—Corns.

W. H. B., Sabula, Pennsylvania: The corns on your mare's feet should be got rid of before anything else is done, as they bring on all the trouble of which you speak. Cut the hoof away around the corns so that the shoe will not press upon them. Cut the corns well out and poultice the foot for two days. Then wash the foot with soap and water, and touch the parts with a piece of glass dipped in fuming nitric acid, caustic silver, or the permangenate of potash. To prevent contraction of the foot and cause the hoof to grow, rub the hoof with this ointment: Spirits turpentine, 4 ozs.; tar, 4 ozs; whale oil, 8 ozs. Mix and apply to the hooves frequently. After you have carried out the above treatment, if the animal is yet lame, write and you will be told what to do. Describe symptoms carefully.

Books on the Sheep.

Subscriber, Musa, A. T.: Books on the sheep are: "Shepherd's Manual; The Sheep, Its Varieties and Management Costs about $1.50 and 75 cents, respectively. Brown, Eager, Hull & Co., this city, will send you work on the sheep.

Which is the Leading Breed?

J. A. W., Mosiertown, Pa: As to which is the leading breed in the United States, the Oxford-Down, the Southdown or Shropshire sheep, the Oxford-Down is comparatively rare in this country. They are an English mutton breed, large and heavy. Average fleece, 8 to 9 pounds. In some cases a ram has sheared 20 pounds of wool. The ewes are prolific. They mature early, dressing 80 to 90 pounds at 14 months old. The mutton is excellent. Dark gray face and legs. Fleece thick and a little curled. Wool six to seven inches long, has good lustre and is not harsh. The southdown is a native of England, from the hilly portions. It was in early times a moderately small sheep, but as the mutton was of the very best flavor they were bred up by careful breeding to be considered the best of the short wool sheep, being celebrated both in England and America as a mutton breed. They yield at 1 year old 75 to 80 pounds dressed. They produce, when of high character, six pounds to the fleece. The ewes are prolific and good mothers. They are now bred without horns. They are of medium size, body round and deep, forequarters wide and deep and breast broad. The legs are short; rump and thighs are full, back broad. The wool is fine and curled, with spiral ends. As the producer of market lambs from grade or pure Merino ewes, the Southdown ram has no superior. The Shropshire is an old English kind of sheep that were kept on what is known as Morfe Common, a tract of about 600,000 acres. There is an unequal admixture of blood in the sheep, which makes them unequal in character as to wool; it sometimes being short and at others of medium length. The original sheep had horns, but they now have none. Face and legs, dark-spotted gray, thick neck, well shaped, rather small head, broad, deep breast, straight back, clean legs, with small bones. Fleece heavier than the Southdown, weighing about seven pounds, long and glossy. Will dress about 100 pounds. Of course, as fine wool sheep none of the above are to be compared with the Merino. The Shropshire are bred in several parts of the United States and Canada.

Whitewash That Will Not Rub Off.

J. F. L., Swayzee, Indiana: To make a whitewash that rain will not effect, take 1 peck lime, slake it in 5 gallons of water, in which 1 pound of rice has been boiled until it is all dissolved. The rice water should be used hot, and the mixture covered up closely until the lime is slacked. Then add 1 pound salt, and heat the wash to boiling when used.

To Clean an Old Barn Roof.

M. T. R., Lewiston: To clean the roof of your barn so that the dirt and moss will be removed, sprinkle lime along the comb of the roof and let the rains dissolve it.

Shoats Weak in the Back.

H. C. S., Mankato, Kansas: Over feeding is a great source of weakness in shoats. In breeding too much is also injurious. Reduce their feed for two weeks. Put a teaspoonful of salts in soft feed for them for about three days, and a tenspoonful of turpentine on the small of their backs for three more days. Also give a teacupful of salt and the same amount of charcoal in their food twice a day for several days.

Not Certain.

F. A. W., Lansing, Michigan: From that which you say, it would be impossible to say with certainty just what is the trouble with your colt. Had the swelling been distributed over a wider space, and broke in small sections, would lead to the belief in bud farcy, but as it concentrated in a large bunch in the shoulder, rheumatism and a diseased condition of the blood is suspicioned. A personal examination would be necessary to determine certainly what is the matter. You do not give the age of your colt. We can, therefore, only give you that which would be necessary in a grown animal, namely: Begin by giving a quart of raw linseed oil. After this take of powdered colchicum seed, 1 oz.; fenugreek seed, 2 drachms. Mix and divide into 12 powders and give one night and morning in dry feed. Follow this with citrate of iron and ammonia, 6 drachms. Powder it and divide into 12 powders. Give one of these twice a day in soft feed or dissolved in drinking water. When these are taken put an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water once a day for four days. A colt two years old should have but half of the ingredients. We judge that the colt will come around all right. Keep the discharge from the abscesses well cleaned away, and the opening kept free. It will, in this way, heal properly. If the colt seems well and the abscess is healing properly, give no medicine unless the legs are again affected. If small lumps appear and break in any part of the body of the colt, call a veterinary at once.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How Far Will Bees Travel?

From time to time this question has been discussed in the bee journals, without satisfactory conclusion. In a recent number of the *A. B. Journal*, however, Mr. Doolittle, a prominent beekeeper, conclusively proves that bees will gather honey profitably from fields four to six miles distant. Among other items in proof of this, he gives the following: "One year there was not a piece of buckwheat in sight of my apiary, and the nearest of any amount was a 20 to 30 acre field 4½ miles in a southerly direction, while about 6 miles away there were nearly 100 acre. I sold 900 lbs. of buckwheat honey that year, and the bees wintered on at least 2,500 lbs. of buckwheat honey." He also says that he is satisfied that bees go from 5 to 7 miles for honey, but that they will work to more advantage within 2 or 3 miles. This accounts for our bees getting surplus honey at times when no honey-producing plants are to be found near the apiary. Usually there are several large fields of Spanish needle and black heart within a mile or two of our bees, but the season has been so poisted that most of this land was mowed and turned with the plow, much to our loss, though we trust to the farmer's gain.

Salting Stock.

Too many farmers salt their stock on the "impulse, or spasmodic plan." That is, they give them an extra allowance one day, and in perhaps a week or fortnight, according to the urgency of farm operations, or the importance they attach to this matter, deal out another supply. This is certainly a wrong practice, as stock should be salted at least twice a week and regularly. I am positive that if the housewife knew what an important factor this salting of cows is in butter making, some one would attend to it in a more systematic manner.

This can be done by providing "salt boxes" attached to a fence, building or post, provided either with a hinge cover or a swinging door in front, in which is kept a supply of salt. In either case have the box covered over several days, and when closed you will be surprised to see how quickly cattle, horses and sheep learn to open it. You will also learn that by the old plan you have failed to give them an adequate supply. If possible, have the salt-box separate from that for the horses, as the former are rather dainty on this point.—*New York Examiner.*

Family Cattle.

Riding along a country road, you often notice the cattle stand as if they had no expectations; they hardly raise their heads as you drive by; while the cattle in the next field will look up with eagerness, as though men and women contributed to their happiness. Now, if you should know the daily life of the animals on these two farms, you would probably find that on one they were fed and housed, but had no pet names, no one greeted them familiarly or petted them; they belonged to the farm, while the bright, animated cattle belonged to the family, and there's a vast difference. —*Sir John Lubbock.*

Bedding.

Throwing damp bedding forward under the manger defiles the feed, and the horse is compelled to breathe poisonous fumes. The bedding had best be thrown back into the stable entirely each morning. At least carefully remove all that is wet, and pile the remainder in the rear, rather than under the nose of the horse. Since the days of close, warm stables, pneumonia and lung troubles are increasing. Extremes of heat and cold tax the system. The office of the lungs and skin is so essential in the work of cleansing the system that it cannot be interrupted without danger.—*Colman's Rural World.*

Sheep Pasture.

Having made a specialty of sheep and lambs for several years, and given them the best of pasture to excel, I have sometimes been disappointed to find others better with very poor pasture. My purchaser explains in this way: He thinks the flush pasture too loosening to the bowels, and declares that his best lambs come from the driest and poorest pasture where a novice would expect to find nothing fit for the shambles. I begin to think he is right; I can explain my partial failure in no other way, as I notice mine are often very loose in their habits.—*N. Y Tribune.*

Training Young Horses.

Much has been written and more said about early development—the training of young stock—and varied have been the opinions of those most calculated to learn from observation, its good or evil effects. While our experience has been limited, we have our ideas upon the subject, and as we aim in other things to reduce them to what might be termed a common sense basis, so we have in this. All know that young bones and tissues differ from the mature, not only in size, but in substance; and undeveloped tissues in the young cannot be forced to maturity, by feeding, training or other process.

While there may be an advance towards maturity, and the tissues may be strengthened, we think this process limited, as nature has ordained otherwise. It is then a fixed law of development, and it is to the good judgment of some trainers, to their observation and careful handling of the youngsters, that we think their success is due. In the first place a proper selection must be made, then keen observation and good judgment must be exercised as to the amount of training or development each individual will require. All know the good effects of handling young stock and of getting them accustomed to the presence of man; all know that early impressions are lasting.

Now, the question is, just how far this can be carried with each individual. This necessarily falls upon the trainer, and failure or success depends upon his judgment as to how much each individual will stand, with improvement to some and of no benefit to others.—*Kentucky Stock Farm.*

Farm Notes.

There is little, if any, profit in a crop of 500 bushels of wheat from fifty acres but there may be a good profit in a crop of 500 bushels from twenty acres. By this plan all the increased rewards of labor go the skilful, industrious and intelligent farmer, who earns and deserves them.—*New York Tribune.*

It takes toll, and hard toll, to be sure, but is it a sign of smartness when a farmer has raised a fine field of fodder corn to let two-thirds of its feeding value go to waste? Is it good farming, or practical farming, to lose half of the results of your toil? Most men call it foolishness, and most men are right when they so call it.—*Hoard's Dairyman.*

A farmer writes of one of the best grain growing counties of Virginia: "Our largest grain producers have never had a bundle bound, not even before or since the war. They claim it saves the labor of binding when cut, and saves the labor of one hand to cut the bands when threshed, and that it keeps better unbound."

Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal; beleaguered by sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements, which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world.—*Senator Ingalls.*

The department of Agriculture has provided for the distribution this fall of two new wheat crosses, made by Vilmorin, of Paris. One is the Dattal, a cross of the Prince Albert, and the winter red-bearded Cattidam, both English wheats. The other is the Lamed, a cross of the Prince Albert and the Noe, an Odessa wheat, with blue stem. They will be distributed in bushel lots to the experiment stations. The selection of spring wheats will be made later.

Encourage your neighbor to do better farming. One bad, careless or shiftless farmer in a neighborhood lowers the reputation of the whole community, and, therefore, reduces the value of every adjoining farm.—*Western Stockman.*

A farmer labors hard, early, late, persistently. He gives little time to mental culture; to silent communings that elevate the spiritual nature still less. In old age he has worldly wealth, with mental and spiritual poverty. This is not the best success.—*S. B. Keach.*

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Oct. 12, says: The government crop report was very encouraging, but the loss of gold by the great foreign banks—over $1,100,000 by England, $4,000,000 by Germany and $4,200,000 by France—was large enough to increase apprehensions of monetary pressure. Large shipments went from London to Brazil and Egypt.

These two opposing influences ruled the market during the week; crops are large, and business heavy, and the commercial outlook most favorable, but money is comparatively close, and there is a possibility that it may be closer yet. At New York thus far, there has been no increase, but rather a relaxation of pressure, and foreign exchange is unaltered since last week.

The outward movement of products are large, exports from New York for two weeks, exceeding last year's by 16.7 per cent, while the increase in imports is but 3 per cent.

Large foreign investments of capital in American industrial enterprises are reported, and of late no considerable foreign selling of securities. But the movement of money to the interior continues large, the treasury alone forwarding on Thursday $525,000.

Reports do not indicate increasing pressure in the interior money markets, and the demand is active at all cities reporting, the supply at nearly all is ample, and the anticipated rise in rates at Chicago does not yet occur.

The volume of trade is increasing at nearly all interior points reporting, and this involves a larger demand for money.

The bank clearings last week were 2½ percent larger than last year at New York, 2 per cent smaller at Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, the increase being large at Chicago, but 11 per cent larger at all the other cities taken together. This increase at points where speculative activity has least influence, indicates a greater volume of legitimate business than has ever been recorded at this season in any previous year, and the heavy railroad earnings, 10 per cent above last year for September, tell the same story.

The great industries are making progress, several more furnaces of the largest size have gone into blast since October 1, and the weekly output on that date was over 150,000 tons against 130,000 tons a year ago, an increase of 4½ per cent in September and 15½ per cent for the year.

In spite of this enormous production, prices are not only sustained by consumption, but some slightly advanced, though southern iron is still sold here below $17 for No. 1, while $17.25 to $18.50 is quoted for northern.

Bar iron is in better demand; structural and plate works are crowded, and sales of rails within ten days have reached 250,000 tons, many large companies having made their contracts for the renewals of tracks.

Sales of wool at Boston have been 2,158,000 pounds, and more demand is seen there, but less at Philadelphia, where concessions in price are still thought necessary.

The government crop report was rather a surprise to many, as it shifted wheat estimates from a fraction over 12 to 12.5 bushels per acre, making the probable yield not much below 500,000,000 bushels.

The corn report indicates the largest crop ever raised, and the same may be said of cotton, with the proper reservation that early frosts may yet greatly reduce the outcome. With heavy crops, business in all departments will be stimulated, and at the same time the demand for money will be increased.

Pork products are not much changed, coffee and sugar a little weaker; oil and the miner metals are substantially unchanged.

Another indication of the general prosperity is seen in the large sales of boots and shoes, though prices were not so low at any previous time, and leather, just now quoted firm, is as low as at any time in 35 years.

The coal trade is disappointing, and actual prices are much under the schedule, while wages are said to be 10 per cent lower than a year ago.

At Pittsburg, however, the trade is improving, and the glass trade good, and factories of all kinds better employed than a year ago.

In the stock market there was a decline until the 7th, then some recovery, and on Friday another sharp depression, partly due to continued weakness in trust stocks, but more largely to monetary pressure and the more threatening state of the controversy in the west in rates.

The slow movement in grain at present prices also has an influence. But the market for railroad stocks is so far from public interference, and in such strong hands, that serious depression has not been generally apprehended.

The business failures during the last seven days number 214, as compared with 203 last week, and 192 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 227.

CROP REPORTS.

The Ohio Report—Washington Statement —Tobacco Injured.

The Ohio State Board of Agriculture has issued its crop report for October. It is considered the most important report of the year from the fact that the product is estimated on actual thrashing done in the several townships.

A few weeks previous to the wheat harvest the prospects seemed most discouraging, because of the week condition of the plant and the very dry weather, and also the prevalence of the grain louse. The harvest dispelled those fears and the thrashing shows a product of about 37,000,000 bushels.

A Flemingsburg, Ky., telegram of the 11th says: at least 500,000 pounds of tobacco in this county has been entirely destroyed by the frosts of the last three nights. The auditor's report places the average crop of the county at 4,000,000 pounds and this year the crop was a little above that figure. About half of the crop had been housed and cured, but the rest had been taken and placed in open sheds and frames in the fields, and was not sufficiently cured to withstand the frosts.

The National department of Agriculture reports general per centage of condition of corn at 91.7 against 90.9 a month ago, and 92 for the crop of 1888; on the first of October. Condition of potatoes, 77.9, against 86.8 last October; of buckwheat, 96, against 92.1 last year; of tobacco, 80.7 against 85.7 in 1888. The preliminary estimate of yield per acre is 12.8 for wheat, 11.9 for rye and 22.24 for barley.

The past month has been favorable for corn. Slight frost north of 40 degrees injured late corn, but the per centage of damage is generally very small, as the crop was well matured in the third week in September. The dry weather came opportunely after the abundant rains of July and August, which somewhat impaired the condition of the Atlantic coast.

In the states south of Maryland the bottom lands were quite the best for the best yields or quality. Considerable areas were blown down, and some injury resulted in rotting in all of the cotton states. In the states of the Ohio valley there was excess of moisture in May and June that retarded planting and early growth, prevented cultivation and delayed maturation, leaving some fields to be caught by the frosts of the 20th to 25th of September. The best development of maize was in the Missouri valley. The best growth of the south was in the gulf states. It could scarcely be improved in either district, though the yield per acre is much greater in the higher latitudes.

Potatoes were injured east of the Alleghenies by excess of moisture, causing rot. In West Virginia and Ohio similar reports are received. Drouth reduced the yield in Michigan, though the quality is generally good. In the Mississippi valley the crop is more promising. In the Rocky mountain region, where the area is largely increased, the season has been unfavorable.

The returns of yield per acre of wheat are thresher measurement. This report is preliminary, as the local estimates will be tested by the record books of the threshers now coming in.

The present averages for principal states are are: 12.8 bushels in New York, in Pennsylvania 12.3, Ohio 14.6, Michigan 14.7, Indiana 14.7, Illinois 16, Wisconsin 14.2, Minnesota 14.6, Iowa 13.1, Missouri 13, Kansas 18.4, Nebraska 12, Dakota 8.3, California 15.

Winter wheat was injured in many districts during harvest and in the stack, by heavy rains, and is comparatively light, grading badly, thus reducing its weight and value. Its weight and quality will be the subject of further report after test of the scales in marketing.

The South Dakota Commissioner of immigration, F. H. Hagerty, has issued the last report of the Bureau of Immigration of the territory of Dakota, in which he says:

Reports were sent broadcast over the country that the crops in Dakota were an almost total failure, yet out of what seemed disaster, Dakota surprises the world with a succession of splendid crop totals. Again the empire territory distances every state and territory in the production of wheat, and rolls up the grand total of 44,009,092 bushels, a total based

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

A Number of People Made Happy by the President.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on Oct. 10:

EDWARD D. OLMSTEAD, at New Decatur, Ala., office became Presidential; FRANK D. DODGE, at Hanford, Cal., vice Edward Weisbaum, resigned; FRANK HART, at Long Branch, Cal., office became Presidential; THADDEUS J. BARNES, at Monrovia, Cal., office became Presidential; ARTHUR B. FRAN, at Pocatello, Ida., vice N. G. Franklin, resigned; J. MORRIS at Lincoln, Ill., vice A. M. Miller, resigned; JOHN STEVENS, Peru, Ind., vice Wm. P. Hale, removed; CHARLES M. STRYKER, at Rockville, Ind., vice Wm. E. Henkel, removed; EDWARD P. CREARY, at Downs, Kas., vice D. T. Gardiner, resigned; JAMES N. BEACON, at South Centre, Kas., vice L. T. Reese, resigned; JOHN H. TAFT, at Goodland, Kas., office became Presidential; ELWOOD T. HANCE, at Detroit, Mich., vice A. W. Copeland, deceased; GEO. W. RAFF, at Traverse City, Mich., office became Presidential; J. G. BARNEY, at Creston, O., vice Reuben Sadler, resigned; ISAAC F. TILLINGHAST, at La Plume, Pa., office became Presidential.

The President made the following appointments on Oct. 14:

DANIEL FROST, of Kansas, to be register of the land office at Garden City, Kans; DANIEL L. SHEETS, of Colorado, to be receiver of public moneys at Durango, Col.; WM. H. NEWMAN, of Missouri, to be receiver of public moneys, at Ironton, Mo.

The President, on October 15, appointed John S. Bugbee, of California, to be U. S. district judge of the district of Alaska, and George W. Bartch, of Utah territory, to be judge of probate in the county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory.

BLAINE ON THE TARIFF.

The Administration Will Present a Bill to Congress.

Mr. Blaine is reported to have said to a friend the other day that the first thing the Republicans in Congress would undertake at the coming session would be the passage of a tariff bill.

This friend in the course of a conversation with the secretary of State, asked him if there was a likelihood of the Republicans passing a federal election law, with a view to stopping the frauds of the ballot and the suppression of the negro vote in the South, Mr. Blaine said:

"The tariff question ought to have attention first. It has been the issue of the late campaign, and there is no reason why the Republicans should allow themselves now to be turned aside from dealing with it.

"The passage of a federal election law can wait."

This is especially significant taken in connection with the remark the President is quoted as having made to a Senator who was complaining of the slowness in removing internal revenue officers in his state.

"Well," the President said, "there's no use bothering about that; they will all be legislated out of office this winter."

THE INDIAN VOTE.

A Untried Factor in the Next Presidential Campaign.

The Indian as a political factor is a feature of politics which is likely in the near future to attract public attention. By recent acts of congress every Indian over 21 years of age, who receives an allotment of land in severalty, becomes a voter, clothed with every attribute that attaches to citizenship.

The successful termination of the negotiations with the Sioux Indians, by which they surrender a large part of their reservation in Dakota, will, it is estimated, by next year throw into the politics of the state, the uncertain quantity of 4,937 voters.

This vote thrown solidly, as it probably will be in both state and national elections, is likely to become an important factor in that state. Negotiations now in progress with other Indian tribes will soon make many thousands more Indian voters.

At the Interior department it is thought that upward of 20,000 Indians will be entitled to vote in the next presidential election. How the red man will conduct himself as a part and parcel of the nation and not as its ward, will be watched with interest by all who are interested in the solution of the Indian problem.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

An Explanation About Manning's Five Thousand.

Acting Secretary of the Treasury Batchelor made the following statement on Oct. 11, in regard to certain criticisms against Secretary Windom:

"Serious wrong has been perpetrated, not only against the memory of ex-Secretary Manning, but also against Secretary Windom. The statement in various papers that an unknown person in returning conscience money to the treasury a few days since, declared that 'About February, 1887, Secretary Manning received $5,000 conscience money, by New York draft; that it was to be put into the United States treasury, but as that never appeared in print, it is believed (by the writer) that Manning appropriated it to his own use.'

"Two versions of this have been printed, one which was given out by the department and telegraphed by the Associated Press, contained the addition that at the time alluded to $5,000, or to be exact, $4,999 was converted into the treasury by Secretary Manning. The other copied the assertion of the anonymous letter but omitted the essential statement that Secretary Manning had covered the same into the treasury. Several newspapers commenting upon this garbled version have criticised Secretary Windom for giving the contents of this anonymous letter to the public.

"The fact is Secretary Windom knew nothing of the matter, and I, as acting secretary, sought to have a correct version by stating that Secretary Manning had rendered account for the $5,000 'conscience money,' but it seems that through inadvertence this portion was omitted in the dispatches sent out to several newspapers. This statement is made both in vindication of the memory of the memory of the late ex-Secretary Manning, and in justice to Secretary Windom, who had no knowledge of the trausaction."

BRECKENRIDGE'S VIEWS.

He Does Not Think the Democrats will Prove Obstructionists.

Representative Clifton R. Breckenridge, of Arkansas, a leading member of the ways and means committee of the last three Congresses, says that the Democrats will not throw a single obstacle in the way of rational, unsectional legislation by the Republican majority.

He could not predict in advance of the formation of committees what the Fifty-first Congress would probably be able to accomplish. "If the Republicans," said he, "will attempt to pass such laws as legislating sections as shall not be sectional in operation, violative of personal right, outrageous in scope and bearing; if, in a word, they will do no more than to correct existing abuses which are not confined to particular states or sections, I feel warranted in saying that the minority will not interpose any objection; certainly they will not offer the slightest obstruction after full and fair debate.

"The statute books are full of laws on the subject, but doubtless further changes are necessary. To these no Democrat is opposed. But any one effort of the Republicans to force legislation which shall provide for armed men at the polls for the control of election machinery by one party in a manner not contemplated by our fathers when they framed our institution, and thoroughly incompatible with Republican liberty and independence, will be met by the solid opposition of the minority party, and the opposition to such unjust and wicked legislation will not be confined to the Democrats.

"I do not think that any very harsh, restrictive, partisan and tyrannical laws affecting federal elections will be passed. I think the Democratic party is disposed to be reasonable and fair respecting all measures introduced by the majority, and think they will not be ugly in opposing bills introduced in or reported to the two houses in good faith.

"Do I think anything will be accomplished before 1892 toward the settlement of the great tariff question? The next congress can, by enacting a sensible, business-like measure of reduction, on the line of popular ideas of reform, take the tariff matter out of politics for a while.

"I am impressed with the belief that we shall have to make the same fight that we made in 1888, but it is certain that the Democratic members of the next Congress will at least go as far as the Republican members of the last, in letting a measure get before the House and come to a vote in both Houses.

"I will go further and declare my confidence to be so strong in their fairness and magnanimity that I predict they will excel the Republicans, in the last Congress in the disposition, to have the question tested and a definite result obtained, so far as the will of Congress can determine it.

"We will agree to bring the bill to a vote some time in both houses and let the majority take the responsibility for legislation—that is to say if the measure is not one obviously and conspicuously unfair. By inheritance, tradition, useage and everything commonly governing such cases, I would say that so far as the Democrats should want a leader on the floor and in council they would find him in Mr. Carlisle. His position, as recent speaker of the house, his great abilities and experience, the confidence reposed in his sagacity and his unswerving orthodoxy, all seem to declare that he will lead the minority in the 51st congress."

MARITIME CONFERENCE.

Its First Session Held in Wasahgton on Tuesday.

The delegates to the international maritim econgress met on October 15 for the first session. So quietly have the affairs of the congress been conducted that the general public is not aware of the importance or magnitude of the meeting. Fifty accredited members are here, representing twenty-three of the most important maritime provinces.

The conference expires by limitation on the 31st of next January, and even then it is doubtful if the members will have finished the work laid out for them. The meeting is an event second in interest only to the three Americas congress.

The delegates assembled at the diplomatic reception room in the State department this morning at 11 o'clock and were formally received by Secretary Blaine. After this there was a reception at the White House by President and Mrs. Harrison, and then the conference took the preliminary steps of their work mapped out below.

The chief object of the conference is to secure agreement upon an improved code of marine signals, with a view to increased safety of navigation. The subjects to be discussed fall under the following heads:

1.—Rules for the prevention of collision:—Visibility, number and position of lights to be carried by vessels; (a) Steamers under way; (b) Steamers towing; (c) Vessels under way, but not under command, including steamers laying cable; (d) Sailing vessels under way; (e) Sailing vessels towing; (f) Vessels at anchor; (g) Pilot vessels; (h) Fishing vessels.

2.—Sound signals; their character, number, etc.—(a) For use in fog, mist, falling snow and thick weather as position signals for steamers under way; for steamers towing; for sailing vessels under way; for sailing vessels towing; (these signals to show the approximate course steered, if possible;) for vessels at anchor; for vessels under way, but not under command, including steamers laying cable; (b) for use in all weathers as helm signals only; for steamers meeting or crossing; for steamers overtaking; for steamers backing; (c) whether helm signals shall be made compulsory or remain optional.

3.—Steering and sailing rules:—(a) Sailing vessels meeting, crossing, overtaking or being overtaken by each other; (b) steamers meeting, crossing, overtaking or being overtaken by each other; (c) sailing vessels meeting, crossing, overtaking or being overtaken by steamers; (d) steamers meeting, crossing, overtaking or being overtaken by sailing vessels; (e) special rules for channels and tide ways where no local rules exist; (f) conflict of international and local rules; (g) uniform system of commands to the helm; (h) speed of vessels in thick weather;

4. Regulations to determine the seaworthiness of vessels: (a) Construction of vessels. (b) Equipment of vessels. (c) Discipline of crew. (d) Sufficiency of crew, (e) Inspection of vessels. (f) Uniform certificates of inspection.

5. Uniform maxium load mark.

6. Designating and marking vessels: (a) Position of name on vessels. (b) Position of name of port of registery on vessels. (c) Size of lettering. (d) Uniform system of draft marks.

7. Saving life and property from shipwreck: (a) duties of vessels after collision; (b) apparatus for life saving to be carried on board ship. (Lifeboats, life preserves, life drafts, pumps and fire extinguishing apparatus); (c) the use of oil and the necessary apparatus for its use; (d) uniform inspections as to (a) and (c); (e) saving of life and property from ship-wreck by operations from the shore; (a) organization of, and methods employed, by life saving institutions; (b) the employment of drilled and disciplined crews at life saving stations; (c) the maintenance of a patrol upon dangerous coasts by night, and during thick weather by day, for warning off vessels standing into danger, and for the early discovery of wrecks; (d) uniform means of transmitting information between stranded vessels and the shore; (e) lifeboats, life saving apparatus and appliances; (B) official inquiries into causes and circumstances of shipwrecks and other casualties.

8.—Qualification of officers: (a) A uniform system of examination for the different grades. (b) Uniform tests for visual power and color blindness. (c) General knowledge of methods employed at life saving stations. (d) Uniform certificates of qualification.

9.—The safety of fishermen, uniform distress signals, a uniform method of reporting and marking dangerous places, uniform color of buoys, and other equally as important topics to the sea-going man are to be touched, and THE BLADE correspondent will take extra pains to see that the deliberations are carefully reported for the benefit of the large inland marine interests centering in Toledo.

Foremost among the subjects to be brought forward is the adoption of new and more exact means, to show in a fog what direction a vessel is moving.

A number of American naval officers have conducted experiments on this subject and their reports will be of great value to the conference. The lights now used by sailing vessels are declared by naval experts to be practically worthless for the prevention of collisions.

Navy officers here take great interest in the coming conference about the importance of which they say there can be no question. Herr Selveking, a noted authority on marine law will be the leading German delegate to the conference. He comes instructed to ask the congress to extend its programme beyond technical questions and consider general international maritime laws with a view to the acceptance of principles regulating the settlement of disputes like the Behring sea fishery troubles. If Congress adheres to the present limits of the programme, Herr Selveking will propose a subsequent special conference on excluded questions.

CABINET MEETING.

The Silver Question Discussed at Length.

At the cabinet meeting on Saturday, October 12, much time was given to discussing the silver question, with a view to increasing the monthly purchases of silver for the treasury.

The law provides that the minimum amount to be purchased each month shall be $2,000,000, and the maximum amount $4,000,000.

Up to the present only the minimum amount has been purchased, but it is possible that from this on the maximum of four millions allowed by law, or nearly that, will be bought.

This is owing to the fact that less than six million dollars in silver, against which certificates have not been issued, remains in the treasury. This amount will almost be exhausted within a month.

IT MAY BE STEELE.

The Indiana Congressman in the Lead for the Pension Commissionership.

The friends of ex-Representative Steele, of Indiana, feel very confident that he will be appointed commissioner of Pensions within the next few days. It is known that Mr Steele's name has been seriously considered at the White House for the place, and Secretary Noble has said that the appointment would suit him.

United States Supreme Court in Session.

The United States Supreme court assembled at Washington on Oct. 15 for the October term. All the justices were present. After the formal opening of the court and the admission to the bar of several lawyers the court, in accordance with the time-honored custom, adjourned to call on the president in a body.

SCARCITY OF SMALL BILLS.

The Express Companies Making Trouble for the Government.

The Treasury department finds itself considerably hampered in its efforts to meet the present heavy demand for notes of small denominations by reason of the refusal of the United States express company to transport the money at less than regular rates.

The company contends that their contract with the department for the transportation of government moneys and securities does not apply to shipments like these to banks and bankers. Department instructions to the assistant treasury at New York of August 7 last, have been modified accordingly.

Future shipments will be made upon receipt of notice of deposits of legal tender notes and silver certificates with the assistant treasurer at New York, with the understanding that the express charges will hereafter be collected by the express company. The notice of bankers that such remittances will be forwarded at government contract rates has been recalled.

The demand for small notes is greater than ever before and indicates unusual business activity. It has been met principally by the exchange of small silver certificates for notes of larger denomination.

FOREIGN.

THE CZAR'S VISIT.

A Heavy Guard Escorts the Russian Ruler.

The czar arrived at Berlin on October 11. He was accompanied by the Grand Duke George, his eldest son, Emperor William, several of the royal princes, Prince Bismarck, Count Herbert Bismarck and a number of generals and court officials, who received him and the Grand Duke at the Lehrter station.

The czar was attired in the uniform of the German Alexander regiment, of which he is honorary colonel. He and Emperor William embraced repeatedly. After their greeting was over, the czar turned to Prince Bismarck and shook hands with him. He also held a brief conversation with the chancellor.

The members of the czar's suite were then presented to the suite of Emperor William, after which the guard of honor marched before the czar, the band playing the Russian national hymn. The party then proceeded to the state carriages, which were in waiting, and drove through the Brandenburg gate across the Koenigplatz, and to the Russian embassy, the horses going on a fast trot for the entire distance.

As the imperial carriages passed the Brandenburg gate the artillery began firing a salute of 101 guns. The streets along the route were plentifully decorated with flags and bunting, but the crowd which had gathered did not cheer as the czar passed along.

Emperor William wore the uniform of the Russian Wyborga regiment and had on his breast the decoration of the Russian order of St. Andrew. Prince Bismarck also wore his Russian orders. The Admirals attached to the British channel squadron, which is now at Kiel, were present at the station when the czar arrived and were saluted by him.

Emperor William took his departure from the Russian embassy after remaining there for but a few minutes. Prince Bismarck remained and held a conversation with the czar lasting twenty minutes longer.

The czar took luncheon with the German officers forming his special suite.

ENGLISH IDEAS.

The Merchants View American Progress With Alarm.

It is not surprising that the mercantile nations of Europe are fearful of a diminution of their trade with the South American republics. They constitute their best, though, of course, not their largest market, for certain goods.

The African coast trade in its best days could alone be compared with it. The negro has grown shy of exchanging gold dust and ivory for Birmingham goods, and, as a result, these and corresponding articles from other European centers of production are poured on the cargo into the southern half of the American continent.

Cured cottons and refuse ironware from England, and compounded wines and brandies from France are bartered for native products at enormous profits, and under the most favorable circumstances it would be the work of years to introduce American goods to the easy-going traders, who are caught by the allurement of long credits.

Lamenters for the by-gone days of genuine cognac may derive some hope from the announcement that the desolate districts of that once famous locality are being replanted with American vines, and there is a prospect that in less than a generation the Gallic exporter will be able to send to his customers in North and South America something beside flavored potato spirits.

These honest dealers have lately been thrown into spasms of virtuous indignation by accidentally learning that merchants have been guilty of the reprehensible conduct of shipping their wines taxable at 20 per cent to Trieste and thence into France as Hungarian juice of the grape, which pays only 2 per cent.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

Finances, the Negro, and Other Matters of Interest.

In an interview a prominent banker states that the American banking system is not feasible, as collateral security does not exist in Mexico.

Senor Dublan, minister of finance, speaking of the financial and commercial prosperity of the country, states that a large number of banking concessions have been granted to the different states.

The government of the state of Chihuahua has expended $45,000 cash this year on internal improvements, as shown by Gov. Carillo.

The trial trip over the Inter-Oceanic railroad was made on October 13, and the work on the Oaxaca railroad is being pushed energetically.

President Diaz has returned to the city from the castle of Chapultepec, his summer residence. The Spanish colony is making elaborate preparations for a ball in his honor, at which Spanish decorations will be conferred.

The French minister on Oct. 11 presented to the Mexican government a communication ratifying the declarations of M. Boissy d'Anglais respecting the Mexican debt, in virtue of which France can make no demands on Mexico for money previously lent.

The press almost unanimously attacks the action of the government in granting a concession in aid of a negro emigration scheme.

The Pope's Neutrality.

The Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* says the archbishop of Rheims has arrived in Rome with a letter from President Carnot thanking the Pope for his neutrality in the recent French elections, in return for which the president promises to support the moderate conciliatory policy of the church. The same correspondent says that the Pope has requested Cardinal Manning to supply the vatican with information in regard to the relations between workmen and employers in England.

Settled by Arbitration.

A Managua, Nicaragua cable, of Oct. 10 says: "United States Minister Mizner has settled the canal difficulties, and work is now progressing." This shows that the chief impediment to the construction of the canal, the hostility of Costa Rica toward the enterprise, has been removed and the trouble between that country and Nicaragua has been settled by arbitration.

The Czar's Visit.

The Berlin *North German Gazette* makes no comment on the Czar's visit, and the other conservative journals are next to silent. The St. Petersburg papers, in their comments, are strongly hostil to Germany and the triple alliance and averse to any approachment with Germany. The Austrian press attaches slight political importance to the visit.

Floods in France.

Disastrous floods prevail in the department of the Jura. A number of bridges have been carried away by the high water. Lons Le-Saulnier, the capital of the department, is inundated, and a number of villages are surrounded by water. The military are actively engaged in saving life and property.

MANDERSON'S PENSION.

Ex-Commissioner Tanner Defends Himself—Pensioners Need Not Apply.

The New York papers of October 15 publish an interview with Commissioner Tanner, in which he justifies his action in re-rating Senator Manderson's pension. He says:

"I have not seen a copy of Secretary Noble's letter to Senator Manderson, but judging from the extracts quoted in Senator Manderson's letter, I presume that he decided that the re-rating was illegal because no application had been made.

"My conception of the duties of the commissioner of Pensions is entirely different from what he suggests. I have always considered that he should see that entire justice is done to all pensioners.

"If he discovers a case where injustice is being done to a pensioner, he should right the wrong, and I am of that opinion still. Secretary Noble to the contrary notwithstanding."

Senator Manderson was re-rated without his knowledge, and when informed by the Interior department that it was not according to law, returned the certificates to have them cancelled.

GENERAL NEWS.

ELECTRICITY WINS.

The Text of the Decision in the Electrical Execution Case.

County Judge Davis filed his decision in the Kemmler case at Auburn, N. Y., on Oct. 9. The case was a habeas corpus proceeding to test the constitutionality of the electrical execution law. Judge Davis decides that the law is constitutional, and remands the prisoner to the custody of Warden Durston, of Auburn prison, for execution.

In holding the electrical execution law constitutional Judge Day says: "The constitution of the United States and that of the state of New York, in language almost identical, provide against cruel and inhuman punishment; but it may be remarked, in passing, that with the former we have no present concern, as the prohibition therein contained has no reference as to punishments inflicted in state courts for crimes against the state; but is addressed solely to the national government.

"There seems to be an element of cruelty inseparable from any taking of human life as punishment for crime, but it is not clearly against this that the constitutional prohibition is directed. It was held by the Supreme court of the United States in the Wilkinson case that a sentence to death by shooting was not illegal in Utah. The common law rule in this state when applied was adopted and long before, and even after, until the act of 1888 took effect, and no question was made as to the legality of death by hanging. That statute but changed the means whereby to produce death, and can it be said that in this case it has been plainly and beyond doubt established that electricity as a death dealing agent is likely to prove less quick and sure in operation than the rope? I believe not.

"Three rules appear. First, that to every legislative act there attaches a presumption of constitutionality, and the burden of showing it to be unconstitutional is upon him who assails it; second, that no such act should be annulled by the judiciary as opposed to the fundamental law in a doubtful case; third, that when a constitutional question arises in or before a single magistrate he should only declare the law invalid when his duty so to do is entirely clear, and that in a case of grave import he is justified, if not required, to leave the matter to the deliberation and determination of the appellate tribunals. Applying, then, these principles to the present case, the questions are whether the prisoner has overcome the presumption that the statute of 1888, in regard to the infliction of the death penalty, provides a cruel and unusual, and therefore unconstitutional punishment, and that a force of electricity sufficient to kill any human subject with celerity and certainty, when scientifically applied, cannot be now produced. In my judgment, these questions must be answered negatively. The most that can justly be said in his favor is that there is a diversity of opinion on the principal question.

"Before the statute can be rightly abrogated, there should be a judicial knowledge that the punishment therein provided is cruel and unusual. There is no such knowledge and his contention fails.

"Having thus sufficiently indicated the grounds of my decision, consideration of the other questions suggested on the argument is unnecessary. An order will be made remanding the prisoner."

MONTANA'S VOTE.

The Legislature Republican by a Close Shave—Contested Elections.

Col. Sanderman, chairman of the Montana Republican central committee, announced on Oct. 14 that the Republicans certainly have the legislature, either by one or three majority. The official returns from Beaver Head county elect James P. Bennett, Republican, to the lower house, and Henry Blair, Republican, is awarded a seat from Deer Lodge, by a majority of four. Both these seats have heretofore been counted for the Democrats.

The count in Silver Bow county, of which Butte is the county seat, has been completed, but the Republicans contend have protested against counting the returns from the eighth and thirty-fourth precincts. Arguments have been made before the board by the counsel for both sides. If these precincts are thrown out it will elect nearly all the Republican officials and seat the Republican senator and two representatives from this county.

The Republican arguments were supplemented by affidavits alleging fraud in the thirty-fourth precinct. The objections to the returns from the eight precinct are purely technical. Both give Democratic majorities. The total membership of the legislature is 71, and by the above calculation the Republicans have 36 and probably 37.

The canvass in Lewis and Clark county (Helena), is still incomplete. The legislative vote is not yet counted. The Democrats are alarmed at the outlook, and Marcus Daly has been summoned here from Anaconda to consult with Colonel Broadwater, Governor Hauser and other leading Democrats. The *Independent*, the Democratic organ charges the Republicans with an attempt to steal the legislature and two United States senators.

Lively Time in Montana Over a Contested Precinct.

The news from Butte on October 15, that the Silver Bow county canvassing board had thrown out the Homestake Tunnel precinct, which gave a Democratic majority of 168 out of 172 votes, was received at Helena with jubilation by the Republicans and dismay by the Democrats, because, if the courts sustain the decision of the canvassing board, it will insure Republican control of the state legislature.

Party feeling runs pretty high and there is much excitement over the news, but the general sentiment is that the matter be left to the courts to adjudicate. An interesting complication, however, will probably ensue over this matter.

Without Silver Bow county, the Republicans would control both branches of the legislature, and should the Governor call that body together before the contest is settled, a sufficient number of Democratic members to prevent a quorum would probably stay away, so that it would probably be without a legislature until the Supreme court decides the dispute.

Another interesting feature is its effect upon the governorship, and Mr. Toole will not be inaugurated unless it is patent that he is elected without the big majority of the rejected precinct. The count in Lewis and Clark counties is still in progress, but nothing new has developed.

A few irregularities were discovered in the second precinct in Helena which gave 30 Democratic majority and the precinct may be thrown out. This will not affect the result on legislative ticket, but may elect two more Republicans on the county ticket.

The convassing board is composed of two Democrats and one Republican. It is said to-night the Democrats will to-morrow file contests against several Republican precincts in this county. As the returns are now declared officially from every county in Montana, the legislature stands: Senate, Republicans 8, Democrats 8; House, Republicans 30, Democrats 25.

South Dakota Just Begins to Realize What It is to Be a State.

PIERRE, S. D., Oct. 15.—(Special.)—There has been due consideration given by various legal gentlemen to the question raised as to whether this legislature must conform to the letter of the law of Congress in its selection of United States Senators.

The consensus of opinion is that as we are not acually a state, it is obligatory upon the legislature to wait till the second Tuesday after the organization before proceeding to the senatorial election. However, a caucus will be held Tuesday night to nominate candidates, and the election will occur on Wednesday and Thursday, according to the form prescribed by the aforesaid law.

The political pot is boiling at a terrific rate here. The laborers in the legislature are on the ground, and the real estate boom falls into insignificance in comparison with politics. The senatorial question being the only issue, the entire fight centers on that question. Pettigrew, Moody, Edgerton and Wardall are the only candidates enlisted so far, but possibly Mellette may jump into the swim.

The plan concocted is to nominate Pettigrew first, and he will undoubtedly be elected with a grand hurrah, leaving Moody and Edgerton to finish the scrap. Moody is conceded to have the advantage, but the result will hinge on the way in which Pettigrew will throw his influence.

Every attempt is being made to have Edgerton withdraw and leave a clear field for Moody. A caucus will be held to-morrow morning at which time Edgerton will be formally requested to withdraw.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 strangers in the city, brought here by the meeting of the legislature and the real estate excitement.

THE CRONIN CASE.

Somebody Has Robbed the State's Attorney's Office.

The Chicago *Tribune* of Oct. 12 says: A starting rumor was current in the early hours this morning that the entire official record of the Cronin case had been stolen.

The record includes a copy of the proceedings before the coroner's jury, the sworn affidavit of winesses before the grand jury, the portions of hair, blood clots, cotton batting, and other tangible evidences of the crime found in the catch-basin, the Carlson cottage and the bloody trunk.

An ex-employe of the state's attorney's office, who had full access to all the valuable pieces of evidence, is now missing and may be in Canada.

The voluminous documentary testimony, and the more precious but still bulky material evidences, were kept in what was considered a safe place in the state's attorney's office, to which only trusted employes had access.

The ex-employe is said to have several times been seen in the proximity of the vault, of which, when he was in the employ of the county, he had abundant opportunity to learn every nook and crevice.

Rumor says the work of abstracting documents is said to have been carried on with a skill that at first blush seemed to necessitate the co-operation of some one inside the office.

The discovery is said to have been made yesterday morning, when the necessity of looking up the addresses of witnesses, in compliance with the order expected to be entered by Judge McConnell at the morning session of the trial, made a reference to the affidavits taken before the grand jury imperative.

Then it is said that the awful fact presented itself to the state's attorney and colleagues that the result of their labors since May 4 had vanished as if by magic.

Further Particulars.

The corruption became known by George S. Tachappat telling his employer of the advances that had been made to him, and his employer going straight to the state's attorney and telling the whole story.

The ventreman in question had been accosted by Bailiff Solomon and offered $1,000 if he would vote to find the men on trial not guilty. The part of the bailiff's conversation when the purchase was attempted is as follows:

Do you want to make some money?

Certainly I do.

Very well, you get on the jury and stick for an acquittal, and you will have $1,000. The contract and arrangement can be carried out with your wife. It can be arranged so that she shall wear a certain colored dress in court, if the money is paid to her on a certain day. If the money is not paid to her on that certain day she is to wear a different colored dress, and the contract is to be off.

The bailiff, when repulsed, offered to make it $5,000, but it was of no object.

Solomon was placed in the sweat-box Saturday and did not know that his partner in crime—O'Donnell—was under arrest. After repeated efforts to make Kavanaugh talk, without accomplishing anything, he was brought face to face with O'Donnell, who said:

It's no use, Tom, to hold back. They've got us on the hip, and the only way to save ourselves is to tell the truth. I've told it, and you'd better do the same.

Kavanaugh reflected a long time and finally said he would make a statement if they would not press him too hard.

"We make no promises," was the quiet but emphatic rejoinder.

Solomon spent a few more minutes in reflection, and then, shaking himself together by an effort, he sat bolt upright in his chair and told the story substantially as stated above.

Solomon would not say who was the head agent in the scheme, but stated that he reported to attorney Forest, of the defense. This statement created the most profound sensation.

The grand jury which was summoned Saturday agreed to return indictments against Alexander J. Hanks, Mark Solomon, Fred W. Smith, J. O'Donnell and Tom Kavanaugh.

Hanks has been a bailiff for eight or nine years, having been appointed in Sheriff Matson's time. He has always been regarded as a square man.

Mark Solomon was appointed bailiff in May, 1888, from the Tenth ward. Little is known about him.

Fred W. Smith is unknown around the court-house.

Tom Kavanaugh was engineer at the insane asylum during the "boodlers" regime, and was mixed up in that transaction. He is now in business on Franklin street, and, strange to say, his partner was summoned as a juror. When the examination of the state's attorney revealed his connection with Kavanaugh, he was peremptorily challenged. According to Solomon's confession, Kavanaugh was the man who agreed to guarantee the payment of the money in case a bribery bargain was struck.

Mills's Statement.

Luther Laflin Mills, who is one of the lawyers assisting the prosecution in the Cronin case, and who is not an alarmist by any means, said yesterday to a group of reporters:

I weigh well the meaning of my words. I fully appreciate the delicacy of the position which I occupy, and I will say that in the history of criminal trials there has been no more unscrupulous, audacious or wicked attempt to interfere with the cause of justice than there has been in this Cronin case. It is simply appalling on account of its effrontery, its utter disregard of the law and its brazen defiance of every known code of honor, honesty and legality. There has been nothing like it in the history of this country. There has been no such crime attempted against American laws in my recollection, nor did I find any such attempt to prevent justice in the reading of the history of my country.

The Court Impresses Upon Its Members the Necessity for Secrecy.

In Judge Baker's court, on October 14, a special grand jury to further investigate the charges of jury bribing was sworn in. It is composed of well-known citizens. S. B. Chase was chosen as foreman. Judge Baker briefly addressed the jury telling its members that above all things they must remember to observe strict secrecy in regard to the matters brought under their observation. The Judge then read the law regarding the penalties to be enforced in case of a violation of the secrecy of the grand jury room.

AN IMPORTANT ARREST.

Attorney Longnecker Confident He Has the Right Man.

The last arrest in the Cronin case —that of John Graham—is believed by the state's attorney to be the most important yet made. But little information about Graham could be secured at the office of Lawyer A. S. Trude, where Graham has a desk. He had been there for the last twelve or fourteen years, and he had lived in Chicago ever since the great fire. Lawyer A. B. Jenks said Graham had never been admitted to the bar, and had never practiced law. "He was simply a clerk," said he, "and occupied a desk in Mr. Trude's reception room."

"No, he has never been in trouble before," added Mr. Jenks; "at least not to my knowledge. I have never heard that he was connected with any jury bribing, nor that he had any trouble with his family. He was the last man I should suspect of being connected in this business, and I don't think they can find anything against him. He has not been connected with the Cronin case in any way, so far as I know."

State's Attorney Longnecker says Graham was the man who employed the other six to see the men to be summoned on the jury. The evidence against Graham, he said, was as strong as could be expected in such a case.

Graham began his work over two months ago, but the state's attorney is satisfied that eight jurors already accepted have not been tampered with. Frederick W. Smith will be the principal witness against Graham.

Mr. Longnecker stated emphatically that up to this time there had not been any evidence of any kind that would convict A. S. Trude or Thomas Sennott, clerk of the Probare court, whose names have been connected by rumor with the plot.

Carroll Brought Back.

Dan Carroll, the runaway witness in the Cronin case, was brought to Chicago on October 9, by the police. After making his escape the man hastened back to Riverside and re-entered the employ of Con Sullivan. Carroll's story is that he got tired of walking around the streets, going to the theaters, sleeping and eating, and felt that he needed a little work to keep him in good health, so when the opportunity presented he "skipped."

Against Prohibition.

With a dozen towns to hear from the official returns at the Hartford Courant office give 26,884 majority against the prohibition amendment in Connecticut.

Laird's Successor.

The Republican Congressional convention at Hastings, Neb., has nominated Secretary of State G. L. Laws to succeed the late Congressman Laird.

O'REILLY'S JOURNEY.

He Makes a Sudden Trip to Europe in Response to a Cable.

Late Sunday night Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Detroit, Michigan, treasurer of the National League fund received a cablegram from London. Shortly afterward he was aroused a second time by a messenger, and a telegram from Chicago was delivered to him. Dr. O'Reilly arose, and the telephone wires between his residence and the home of Col. John Atkinson, the Irish patriot, were kept hot for nearly an hour.

What passed between the gentlemen is unknown, but at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, Dr. O'Reilly and Col. Atkinson started for New York, to take a steamer for London. It is understood that they go to Europe to confer with Parnell and other leaders of the Irish movement, and it is even hinted that the recent developements in the Cronin case have caused this sudden visit.

That it is sudden is evidenced by the fact that Father O'Reilly made no mention of any intended absence to his congregation on Sunday and several important cases in court will necessarily be postponed on account of Col. Atkinson's absence. The gentlemen announced that their stay would not be more than six weeks, unless circumstances compelled them to remain longer.

THE VESUVIUS.

Official Test of the Pneumatic Guns on the Cruiser.

The official test of the pneumatic guns of the cruiser Vesuvius took place in the Delaware river on October 9 The vessel was towed out into the stream from her dock at Cramp's shipyard and anchored. She was in charge of a board appointed by the secretary of the navy, consisting of Commander C. F. Goodrich, Lieut. Seaton Shroeder and Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske. Lieut. Schroeder who will command the boat when in commission gave the word and the test was begun.

This consisted of firing five shots from each of the three guns in ten minutes and throwing a shell weighing 480 pounds a distance of one mile. The first test the required number of shots were fired with satisfactory results, the shots striking the water near the end of the measured mile within an apparent radius of a few yards. Then came an interval of silence which was broken by the discharge of half a dozen more shots, which struck the water in about the same spot as the others.

The first missiles thrown from the guns were dummy shells made of wood and the second were regular dynamite cartridges filled with sand. It is understood that the delay between the relays of shots was due to slight imperfections in the mechanism of the spezzia valves. Nothing definite can be learned as to the result of the tests, but it is understood they were satisfactory. The board will make its report to the secretary of the navy at once.

KILLED BY THE WIRES.

A Fearful Sight Witnessed in New York City, Friday.

An electric lineman met with a horrible death at the corner of Center and Chambers streets New York, on Oct. 11, from contact with an electric light wire. He was employed by the Western Union company, and presented a terrible sight as he died on the network of wires in midair, while the deadly fluid actually made his body sizzle and the blood pour out on the sidewalk and over the clothes of the horrified spectators. The accident occurring in the middle of the day in one of the busiest parts of the city, was witnessed by a large crowd of people.

The man's body lay limp and motionless over the mass of wires attached to the cross-trees of the pole. The firemen brought out a ladder, and one went up with a pair of shears to cut the wires. The man was found to be dead.

Officers Elected.

The Northwestern branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society, in session at Grand Rapids, Mich., elected the following officers on Oct. 11: President, Mrs. J. R. Hitt, Evanston, Ill.; corresponding secretary, Mrs. L. P. Crandon, Evanston, Ill.; treasurer, Miss Minnie Preston, Detroit; recording secretary, Mrs. L. A. Calder, Chicago.

An invitation from the Meridan street church, of Indianapolis, for the Northwestern branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society to hold the annual meeting of 1890 in that city, was unanimously accepted.

Indianapolis Democratic.

The city election at Indianapolis passed off quietly on Oct. 8, with a very light vote polled. A mayor, city clerk, board of aldermen and common council were elected. Returns show that Sullivan (Democrat) is elected over Coburn (Republican) by 1,200 to 1,400 for mayor. Swift (Democrat) for clerk is elected over Duffy (Republican) by about 800. Denny (Republican) for mayor carried the city two years ago by 776. The council elected will stand fifteen Democrats and ten Republicans, an exact reversal of the politics of that body from its present status. The board of aldermen will stand five each. The present board has six Republicans and four Democrats. This is the first Democratic mayor elected in Indianapolis since 1874.

The Board of Health to Take a Hand in Cutting Down the Wires.

It has been decided in New York city that all electric light wires above ground must go. All the companies doing business in the city have got out injunctions restraining the mayor for interfering with their wires, but a way around these injunctions has been discovered.

Under the laws of the state, no injunctions can be served on the board of health unless eight days' notice has been given, and should the courts this afternoon make the injunctions against the mayor permanent, the board of health will take the matter in hand, and before eight days have passed not a wire will be left above ground.

Recent Deaths.

Sir Benjamin S. Phillips, ex-Lord Mayor of London, is dead, aged 79; at Brighton, Eng., by his own hand, Sir William Tisdale Robinson, Conservative member of Parliament; M. Theodore Georges Gaston Meitingue, the French painter, is dead, aged 49; General Lebrun is dead; Prof. Leidersdorf, the well-known scientist, is dead at Vienna; Von Steichels, Catholic Archbishop of Munich, is dead; in Paris, Oct. 10, M. Adrien Albert Tailhand, ex-minister of justice, aged 79; on Oct. 13, at San Francisco, Mrs. H. Van Buren, U. S. Consul to Japan 1874-85; at Tuscaloosa, Ala., Rev. H. D. Clayton,